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JANUARY 19, 1979

CHINA:
AT'S IN IT FOR US?
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
- SEE PAGE 114

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE LOST TOOLS OF LEARNING

DOROTHY L. SAYERS

Gasoline is a Bargain!

Also In This Issue:

Tom Bethell on The Legend of Buddy Bolden
David Evanier
D. Keith Mano
Donald Hall
M. J. Sobran
M. Stanton Evans

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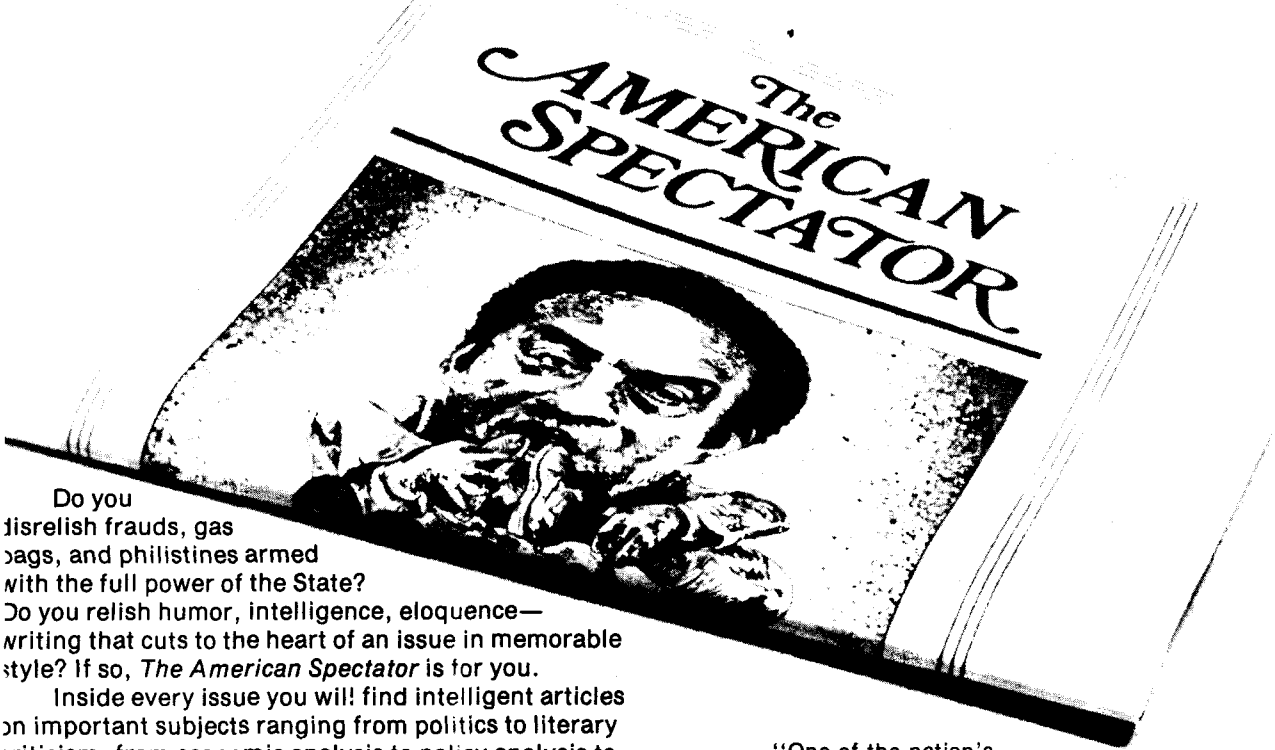

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JANUARY 19
VOL. XXXI,
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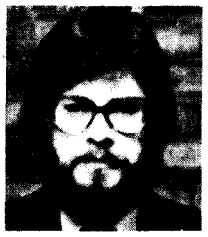
BENGS
Page 89

SAYERS
Page 90



KOSS & ANDERSON
Page 100

HALL
Page 107

SOBRAN
Page 110

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

84 **The Soviet Cost Gap of '79**
What our experts leave out of their calculations of immediate Soviet motives.
Brian Crozier

89 **Hear the Latest Fish Story**
The two-hundred-mile limit has been in force for over a year. But fishermen are grumbling: Washington has turned the extension into a handicap. *Margaret A. Bengs*

90 **The Lost Tools of Learning**
Modern man believes in education; has spent enormous sums of money propagating it; makes college available to everyone who wants it and to quite a few who don't. Illiteracy of the raw sort is all but extinct. Why, then, are we today so terribly susceptible to the manipulations of propagandists—commercial, political, and (worst of all) academic? The reason, this classic essay suggests, is that in offering an unprecedented range of subjects, we teach our children everything but *how to learn*. We have presented abundant data but neglected the mental disciplines for dealing with them. Miss Sayers proposes that we adopt a suitably modified version of the medieval curriculum—but for surprisingly *methodological* reasons. In our 23 years of publishing, no article has provoked so great a demand for reprints as this one. In those 23 years, it has only gained in urgency. We are happy to offer it again. *Dorothy L. Sayers*

100 **Gasoline: Cheap at Any Price**
President Carter has adopted stasis as the premise of national energy policy. But the public continues to vote with its wheels. *Caveat pre-emptor.*
Mitchell Koss & Archie Anderson

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

103 **The Legend of Buddy Bolden**
Few have ever heard of Buddy Bolden, plasterer, handyman, and cornet-player. Some have doubted he ever lived. But the best guess is that he, more than anyone else, invented jazz, back in prehistoric New Orleans (c. 1900). The truth can only be gleaned by collating random memories and rumors. He died mad. His widow for a time denied having known him. A cylinder recording he may or may not have made remains the Holy Grail of jazz. *Tom Bethell*

107 **The Best Unknown**
The conspiracy to keep you from hearing of Thomas Williams, maybe "the best unknown novelist in America," is hereby foiled. *Donald Hall*

108 **A Triumphant Original**
Wrinkles, by Charles Simmons, is another novel to savor. It consists of 44 biographies of the same character. *David Evanier*

109 **The Little Sleep**
A history of *The Village Voice*, "from pulp to parchment." *D. Keith Mano*

110 **The Americanization of Adolf**
Liberals have nothing against hysteria. They just don't want you saying there's a Commie under the bed when they know it's really a Nazi. *M. J. Sobran*

60 **Letters**
64 **For the Record**
68 **The Week**
96 **help!!!**
112 **Dark Horses**
114 **On the Right**
116 **Trans-O-Gram**

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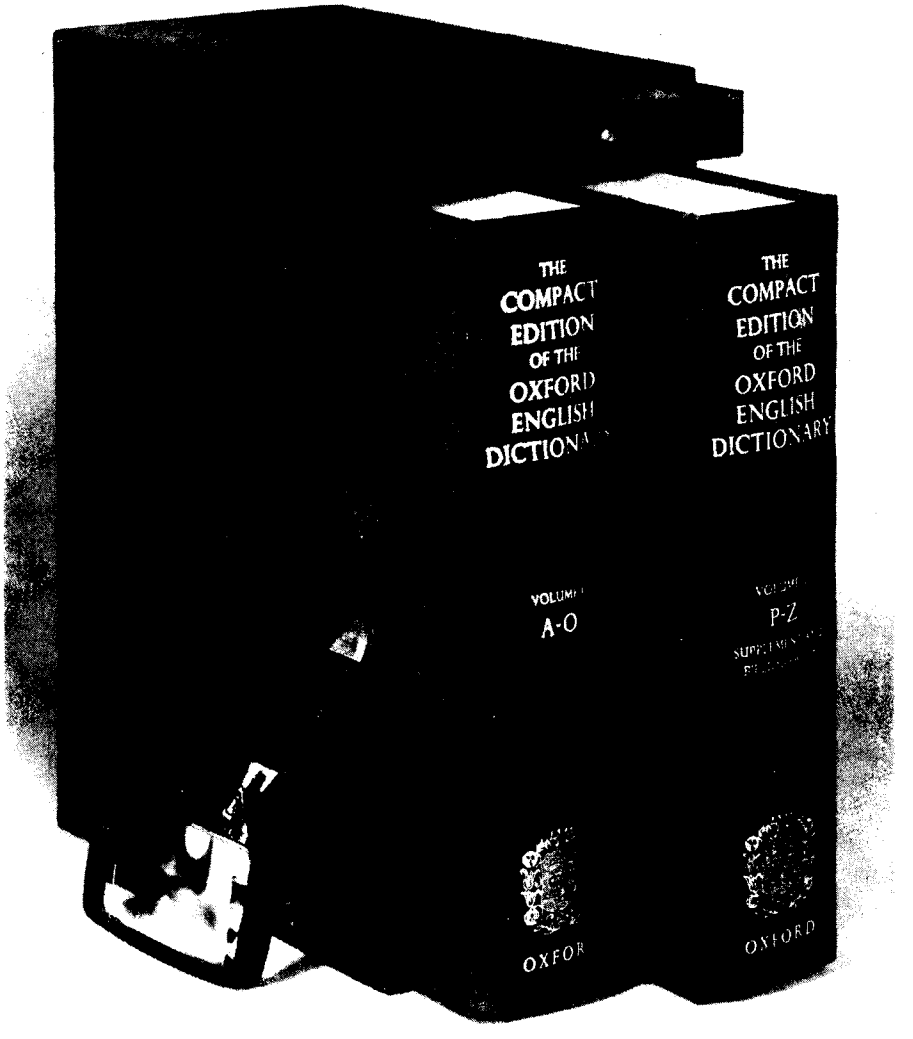

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Letters

My Doxy Is Orthodoxy

A welcome Christmas present indeed was Thomas Oden ["The Cusp of the Second Millennium," Jan. 5]. I too find myself, born and raised as a liberal Protestant, making the trek back to orthodoxy. Looking back, it seems now that the only thing that kept us on keel, despite the best efforts of our ministers, was the weekly, subconscious evangelizing of hymns and music. I remember particularly one of the weekly ads our church placed in the papers for its services: "Sermon: Power and Ecology in the Space Age. Music by Weelkes, Prætorius, and Schutz." Fortunately, Weelkes & Company had more of an impact. We have much to learn from the Orthodox Jews and the Catholics. Mr. Oden has made the point eloquently and passionately.

Philip Key
Washington, D.C.

Servility

It was disturbing to see M. J. Sobran repeat the Whiggish (in the worst sense) appraisal of Hilaire Belloc's work as being perverse, but "well worth reading" ["Épatez les Hérétiques!" Nov. 24]. Belloc's distributism was scarcely a back-to-the-farm, Luddite attack on industrialism or modernity. Regardless of his semantics, Belloc scarcely opposed capitalism if, by that, one means private ownership, the free market, and freedom of contract. What he did oppose was the close collaboration between great wealth and the state, or what others have termed state capitalism. Although socialism in Britain has tended to tax great wealth in a confiscatory fashion, developments in the United States over the past few decades have vindicated many of his predictions, as witness bank-financed governmental indebtedness, the increasing number of enterprises whose major customer is the government, and import quotas.

John P. McCarthy
New York, N.Y.

Out of This World

It is hard to know who should be more outraged, Christians or exobiologists, by your editorial associating the evidence for Christ's resurrection with that for UFOs ["The Week," Nov. 10]. Surely an encounter with beings some millennia more advanced than ourselves would result in serious problems for Christian orthodoxy. How seriously, one wonders, would they receive the notion that God's only begotten son was one Jesus of Nazareth, Earth? Much more likely that they should inform us that when our Christ arrived to unloc the doors of Hell in 33 A.D., no one wa home, everyone having been released b their own Son of Extraterrestrial Ma some thousands of years previously Whether ours is the only universe an whether it might not collapse again a part of an infinite cycle of cosmic birth and deaths are still wide open questions

In contrast to Christianity, Buddhis cosmology allows the possibility of an in finitely repeating cosmic cycle as well a an infinite number of Buddhas.

Dale H. Gieringe
New York, N.Y

The verb "associating" in the first sentence above is unfortunate. The editorial in question mentioned *a number of phenomena, in different ways surprising, which challenge, again in different ways, ordinary, common-sense views of possibility. Mr. Gieringer speculates about a Son of Extraterrestrial Man, about whom we know nothing, in order to condescend to "one Jesus of Nazareth," about whom, as it happens, we know a great deal. And, if "one Jesus of Nazareth" did rise from the dead, then a cosmology positing an infinite number of Buddhas will probably close in New Haven, theologically speaking.* —ED.

Confucius Say

Simon Leys's discussion of "Human Rights in China" [Dec. 8] raised some questions outside the scope of China's continued totalitarianism. If the Chinese can so quickly reject the ties of filial duty and Confucianism, could they not as quickly and as radically make decisions of even greater consequence to the West?

The danger that China presents to the West has often been discussed. What is interesting in Leys's implications is the unpredictability of future Chinese moves. And it is the volatility in the Chinese mentality which should prove as distressing as China's increasing power. For, as a great military power continues to display fanaticism *and instability*, a turn toward aggressive war becomes proportionately likely. What is frightening about the Chinese is that we really do not know where they are headed ultimately—and they very likely do not know either.

Frank Baxter
New York, N.Y.

A Paradox

In his obituary on Margaret Mead ["The Week," Dec. 8], George Gilder wrote of her belief in the "sanctity and permanence

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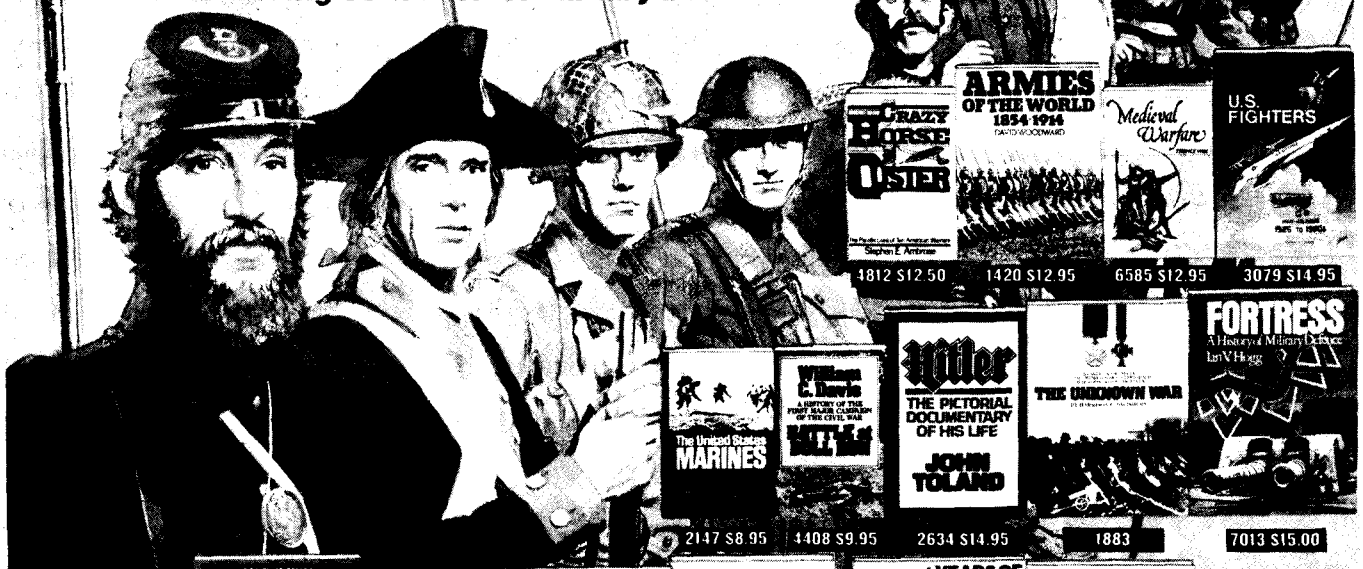

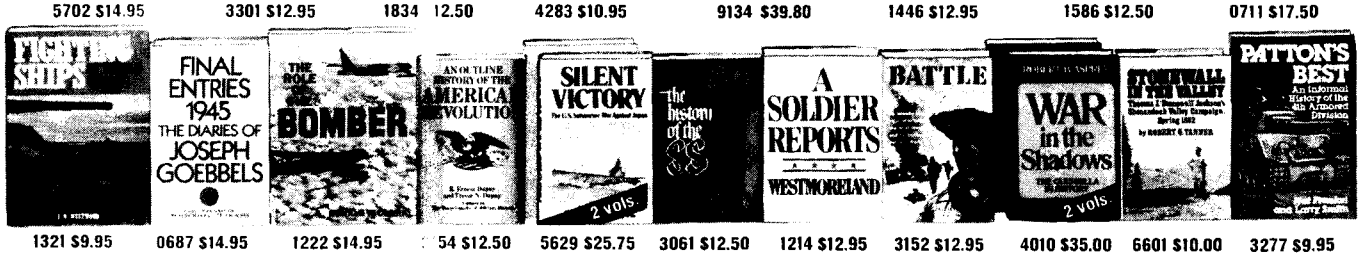

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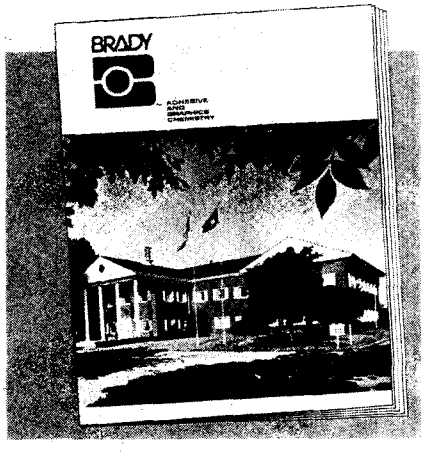

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of marriage and the maintenance of clear sex roles; . . . no one has written so eloquently about the innate differences between men and women." It is indeed ironic that Miss Mead should make such an observation since she herself was thrice-married, and kept her maiden name. Interesting.

Wendy King
New Orleans, La.

Points

In an otherwise fine piece on Soviet antisemitism [Dec. 22], Richard Brookhiser refers to the current Russian outbreak as the first appearance of "organized, government-sponsored antisemitism in a major world power" in 33 years—or since the fall of Nazi Germany. In fact, the Soviets engaged in a thinly veiled antisemitic campaign in the final years of Stalin's life, culminating in the Slansky trial in Czechoslovakia and the notorious Doctors' Plot in the Soviet Union. The campaign was nominally directed against "rootless cosmopolitans," but, had Stalin lived any longer, the pretense might very well have been dropped.

Bill Dodson
Albany, N.Y.

In Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s otherwise excellent column concerning the current attempt to persecute General Nguyen Ngoc Loan ["On the Right," Dec. 8], we find once again the hoary and all too accepted untruth, ". . . breaking into the U.S. Embassy . . ." during the Tet Offensive. The Vietcong terrorists involved in that (really) little operation got inside the embassy wall, then were able neither to get into the embassy building nor to get out; the poor devils were trapped and died. Despite understandably confused initial reports, the building was never entered, much less taken.

Phil Jordan
Sacramento, Calif.

The Cost of Regulation Study which M. Stanton Evans kindly mentioned in his "Dark Horses" [Dec. 8] may be purchased for $5 per copy from the Hospital Association of New York State, 15 Computer Drive West, Albany, N.Y. 12205. As a long time reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, I especially regret any oversight which may have led Mr. Evans to believe that copies of the 83-page report would be generally available without charge. *The Cost of Regulation Study* would appear to represent an important contribution to our understanding of the role of government in the health-care delivery system today, and I am sure that many of your young readers would be very much interested in the results of this particular survey.

James T. Chapman
Albany, N.Y.

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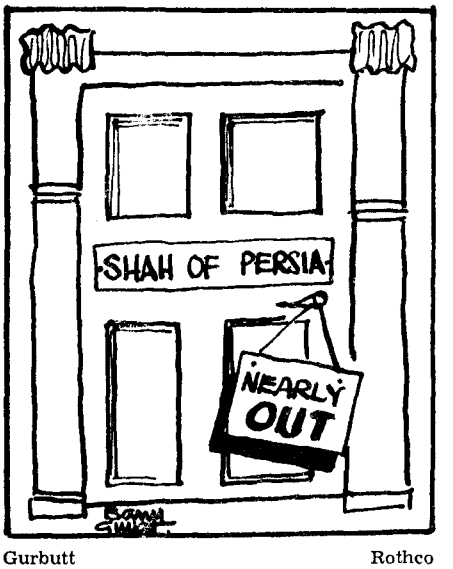
FOR THE RECORD

■ Opposition to President **Carter**'s recognition of Peking came in all shapes and sizes. . . . **George Meany** was outraged. On Dec. 6, said Meany, Carter announced that human rights were the "soul" of his Administration. On Dec. 15 he renounced that principle by extending diplomatic recognition to "one of the world's most repressive violators of human rights." . . . Carter's home-state *Atlanta Constitution* reminded the President that the U.S. has "a deep, moral commitment to the people of **Taiwan.**" . . . **George Bush,** former chief of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking, said Carter's precipitate action "diminished American credibility in the world and darkened the prospects for peace." . . . **Barry Goldwater** threatened to take the President to court; **Ronald Reagan** attacked the decision on human rights grounds; and Sen. **Robert Dole** invited President **Chiang** of the Republic of China to visit the U.S. (Chiang declined with thanks). Dole also is introducing legislation to extend diplomatic privileges and immunities to ROC representatives in the U.S. . . . The initial **White House mail** on the Peking recognition was 4 to 1 against, but a *New York Times*/CBS poll on the subject showed relatively little interest in it; 28 per cent of the people think the U.S. should recognize Peking; 22 per cent think we should recognize Taipei—50 per cent had no opinion on the subject. . . . Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** of New Hampshire—a Stakhanovite flag-raiser and -lowerer—ordered the flag of the Republic of China to fly over the State House in Concord the week of Dec. 21 as his protest.

■ Now you see it, now you don't. How did the last Senate shape up ideologically? The *Congressional Quarterly* says the **conservative coalition** lost ground, the liberal ADA says the **liberals** lost



Gurbutt Rothco

ground. According to *CQ*, the conservatives won only 54 per cent of the key Senate votes, down 20 per cent from the year before. The three Democrats who voted most consistently with conservative Republicans were Westerners, not Southerners, Sens. **Edward Zorinsky** (Neb.), **Howard Cannon** (Nev.), and **Dennis DeConcini** (Ariz.). Two of the three leading Republican opponents of the conservative leadership, Sens. **Edward Brooke** (Mass.) and **Clifford Case** (N.J.), will not be back this year. The third, **Jacob Javits** (N.Y.), is up for re-election in '80. . . . The ADA said the overall vote in the Senate in the last session was 42 per cent liberal, down from 46 per cent in 1977. The highest-scoring Democrats provided no surprises: **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio), 100 per cent; **Ted Kennedy** and **Dick Clark** (Iowa), 95 per cent; **Paul Sarbanes** (Md.), 90 per cent. . . . Lowest-ranking on the ADA scale were Republicans **Paul Laxalt** (Nev.), **Jesse Helms** (N.C.), **Milton Young** (N.D.), **Jake Garn** and **Orrin Hatch** (Utah). . . . Incidentally, the state that had the lowest voter turnout in the nation on November 7 was Jimmy Carter's **Georgia,** where only 18.7 per cent voted. . . . A final ideological note: a *Los Angeles Times* poll which asked the question: Which do you think is more important in life, **working hard** and doing what is expected of you, or doing things that give you **personal satisfaction** and pleasure? Conservatives came out for working hard, 62 to 29 per cent; liberals for personal satisfaction, 57 to 32 per cent.

■ You've got to hand it to **Richard Nixon.** There on Dr. **Gallup**'s year-end list of the ten most admired people in the world is: RMN, No. 8. . . . The list includes only two Democrats, Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy, to four Republicans, Nixon, **Ford,** Reagan, and **Kissinger**; three foreigners, **Pope John Paul II**, **Anwar Sadat**, and **Menahem Begin**, and finally the durable **Billy Graham**, up to No. 3 spot this year. . . . The *Daily World* (CPUSA) is indignant that a poll of three hundred newspaper editors (UPI) showed the **Jonestown** massacre as the top story of the year and **Camp David** second. Apparently, said *DW* huffily, "no one chose the special session of the UN General Assembly on Disarmament." . . . The Libyan "revolutionary news agency" JANA is, in its way, as heavy-handed as *DW*. It translates Camp David as "**Stable David,**" as in "The Stable David accords" etc.

■ Red China is going all out to familiarize its people with current trends in American fiction. The first edition of American short stories to be published in China in a quarter-century includes: **Hemingway**'s "The Killers," **Mark Twain**'s "Running for Governor," and **Theodore Dreiser**'s "Phantom of Gold." Can *Sister Carrie* be far behind?

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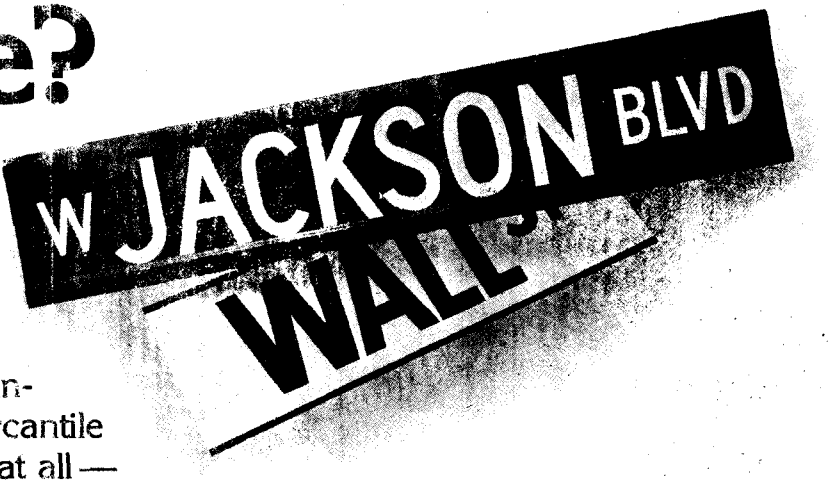
Why have finance and industry discovered the Chicago Mercantile Exchange?

It works.



For years people in finance and industry thought of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange — if they thought of it at all — as a place where farmers and arcane people called speculators exchanged pork bellies and other odd-sounding items for mysterious reasons of their own.

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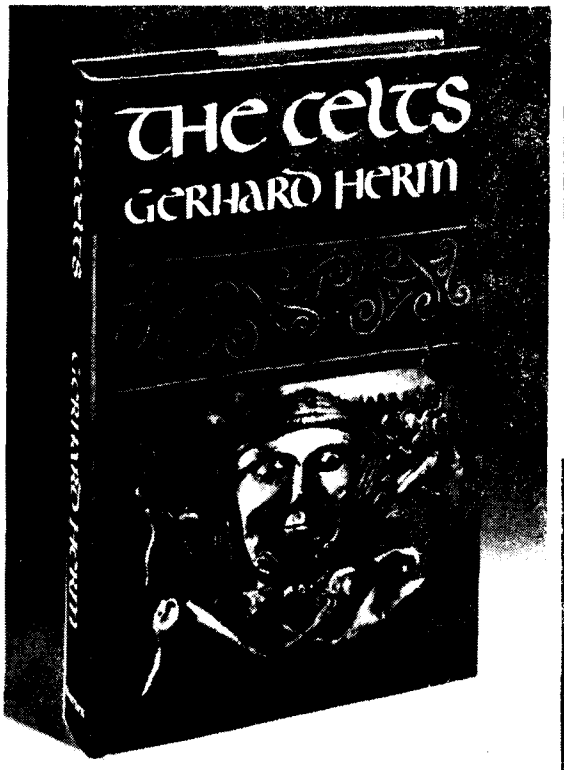

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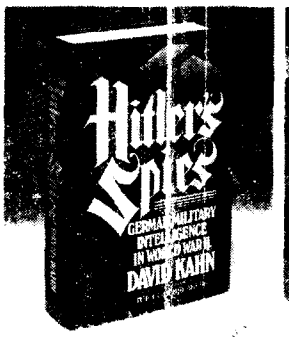

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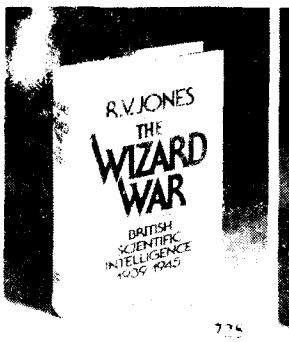

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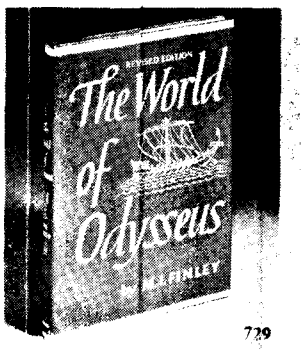

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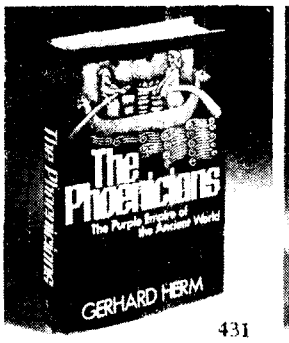

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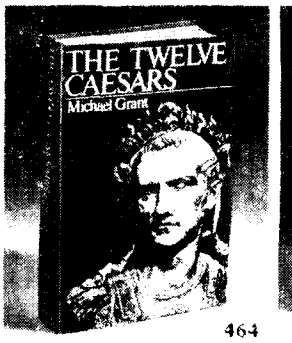

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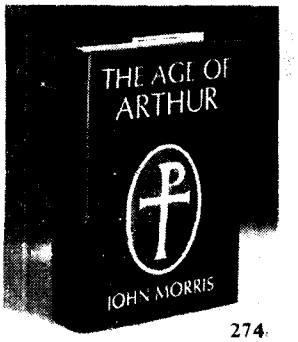

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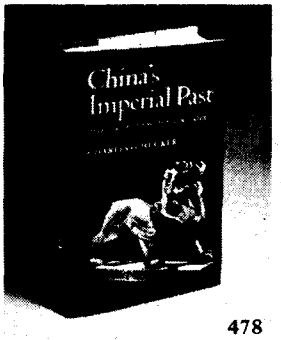

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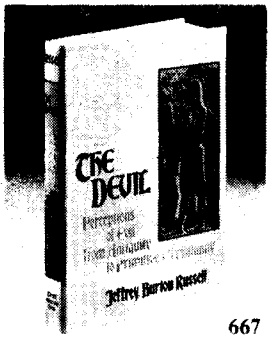

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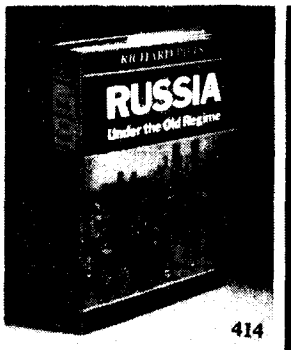

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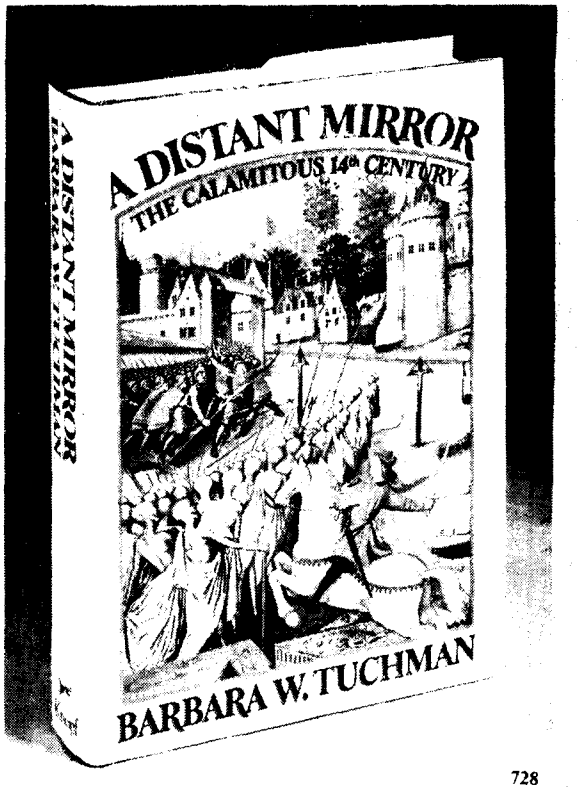

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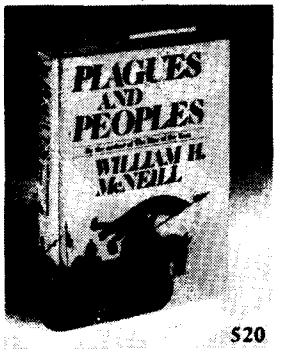

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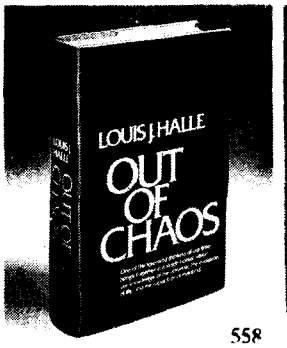

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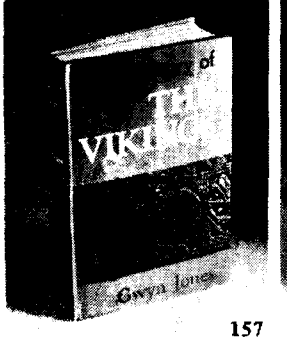

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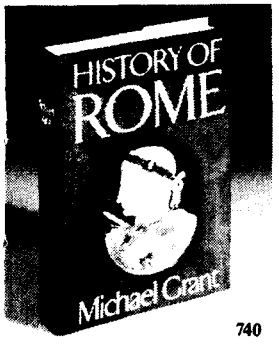

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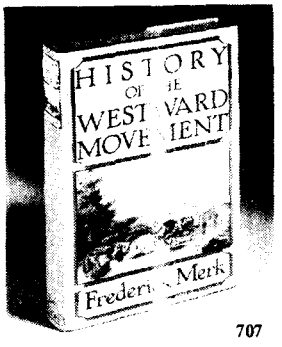

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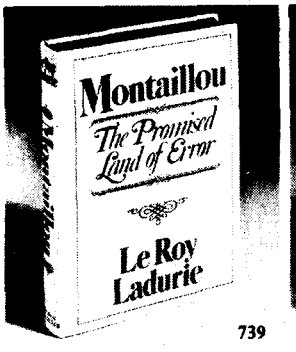

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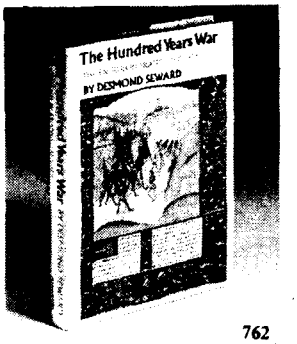

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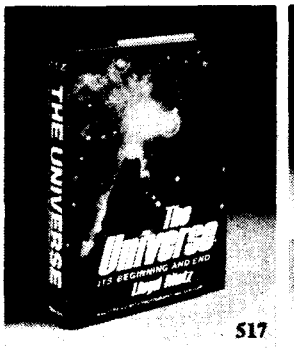

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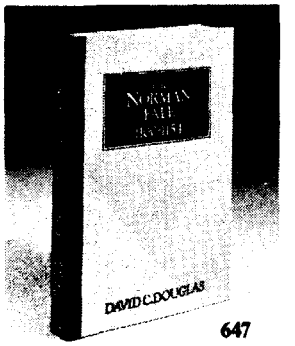

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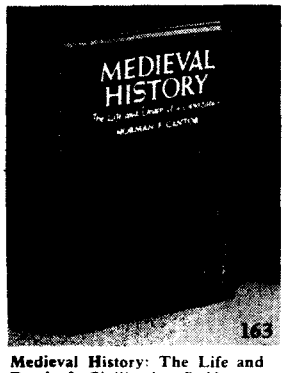

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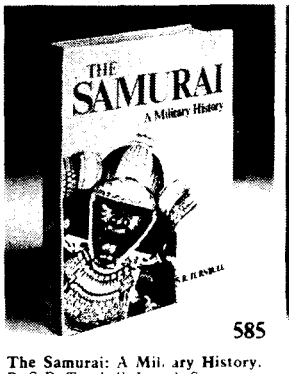

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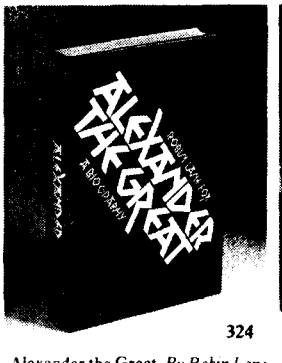

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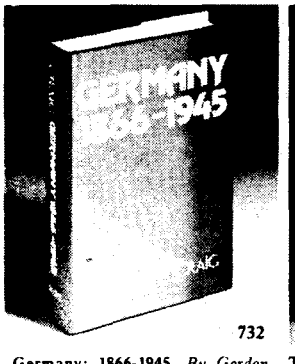

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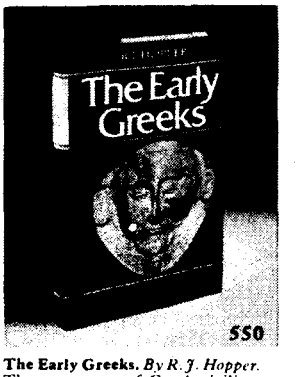

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THE WEEK

■ Your friend and ours, the IRS, is dumping the U.S. Postal Service. This year the IRS plans to save some $2 million by using the private United Parcel Service instead for its bulk packages of tax forms for accountants and other big users. Said an IRS spokesman, "This is just more cost effective," which is to say, cheaper. United Parcel's rates happen to be 38 per cent lower than the U.S. mail. Other government agencies have also caught on. The Government Printing Office and the Agriculture Department have been using United Parcel as well. Thoughts of Chairman Adam Smith, Number 901: When the ship begins to sink, join the rats.

■ Qualms about the President's China move aren't confined to the Right. In a televised interview in New York, veteran China Hand and McCarthy martyr O. Edmund Clubb raised the question why the devil didn't we get anything in return. And John B. Oakes, former senior editor of the *New York Times*, complained that we have betrayed Taiwan and shaken our allies and dependents, from Europe to the Mideast to Japan. Mr. Oakes confessed to "a sense of humiliation if not degradation" about Mr. Carter's action.

■ Those difficult people strike again. In 1976, Professor Colin Campbell and his wife Rosemary did a study showing that, lo, New Hampshire taxes were remarkably small compared with those of other states, but that, lo, New Hampshire public services were about the same. How inconvenient. Wait, here's the rebuttal. New Hampshire depends excessively on the property tax! The Campbells, in a new study, reply: New Hampshire's per capita property tax is $348. The average for the six New England states is $382. New Hampshire's property taxes run 6.5 per cent of personal income. The average for New England is 6.4 per cent. New Hampshire has NO INCOME TAX. Damned inconvenient, these facts. If you want the full report, you can get it from The Wheelabrator Foundation, Liberty Lane, Hampton, N.H. 03842.

■ The Conservative Caucus, under the Freedom of Information Act, has requested that Defense Secretary Harold Brown give out the number of Soviet ICBMs that have been dismantled since SALT I, as well as the number of Soviet ICBMs and SLBMs still in operation. Albert Ferri, speaking for the Conservative Caucus, noted that the Ford Administration had made a practice of releasing five-year projections of strategic nuclear delivery vehicles—a practice which Brown discontinued. "You indicate that the United States must maintain essential equivalence with the Soviet Union," Ferri said. "Yet you include no information in your posture statement that would allow the American public to decide whether strategic equivalence exists. . . . The information sought is absolutely vital to an informed public debate on a SALT II agreement. . . . [It] is consistent with the President's policy of an open and candid Administration . . . [and it] is vital to enable the public to fully understand the magnitude of the Soviet threat."

■ On January 2, the inmates of Castro's penal colony celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their incarceration. For the ordinary Cuban, the shortage of amenities —one pair of bad shoes per year—was purchased at the price of a loss of even rudimentary human rights. Remember the chant? "Fidel, Fidel, Fidel." Nauseating it was in that dawn to be alive. President Carter has now anointed as fellow statesmen the following representatives of human rights: Boumédienne, Tito, Gierek, and Chairman Hua. We look forward confidently to the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Cuban incarceration. It will be held at Studio 54. Make reservations early.

■ Which card will the U.S. play if and when the Security Council takes up Cambodia's request for condemnation of "Vietnamese and Soviet aggression"? The China card, by voting to condemn and thereby implicitly defending the regime that has made a charnel house of Cambodia? Or the Russian-SALT card, by voting not to condemn and thereby implicitly winking at the working out of the domino process? No doubt we will negotiate a way out in corridor bargaining and avoid an outright confrontation. But the conundrum remains and will become more troubling if the Vietnam-supported rebel United Front for National Salvation should proclaim a rival government in an eastern Cambodian city such as Kratie or Kompong Cham. Eventually we may be forced to take a stand or ask to be let off the seesaw. For all its ostensible cleverness, the lot of the third man on a seesaw is neither a happy nor an effective one.

■ The Philippines and the U.S. have ended years of negotiations with a new agreement on terms for continued U.S. use of Clark Air Base, Subic Bay Naval Base, and some smaller installations. In the framework of an existing basic agreement running to 1991, the new arrangement calls for $500 million in U.S. aid over the next five years. Henceforth, the bases will be officially under Filipino commanders, but the U.S. will have full operating freedom—similar to the arrangements covering bases in Thailand during the Vietnam War. The most interesting thing is that it was partly pressure from other Southeast Asian countries that moved Marcos to agree to the deal, which is economically less favorable than the one he refused when Henry Kissinger offered it in 1976. The rise of a unified Soviet-aided Vietnam and the war in Chinese-aided Cambodia have produced this refresh-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It is the contention of this columnist that Ronald Reagan deserves better than he's going to get over the next nine months. He is going to get the jokes about the prematurely orange hair and he's going to hear more than he wants to know about William Henry Harrison. He's going to read the boiler-plate lead, "If the Republican convention were held today, Ronald Reagan would almost certainly be the nominee," and he's going to know that it's more of a threat than a promise. He's going to be told that The Speech is wearing thin, and he's going to understand that no peer-respecting reporter loves a front-runner. He's going to learn that when the rest of us look a bit piqued or stumble over a word or spill the goddamned coffee on our tie, we will call it a natural human failing, but when Ronald Reagan does it, it will be accepted as unmistakable evidence of galloping senility.

As we say, we think Ronald Reagan deserves better. He is, most of us would agree, the premier conservative campaigner of the century, the only man of his generation who consistently found the American idiom for the apposite conservative principle. Even if he falls short in his last campaign for the White House, he has earned the right to a graceful exit from the public stage.

These are our concerns, but there are those who do not share them. John P. Sears, to name one. At the politically tender age of 38, Sears has raised himself high in the demonology of both the Old Left and the New Right. The former see him as a dangerous man because he sounds so reasonable; the latter dislike him because he is so reasonable. In our view, they're both wrong. John Sears is a man of passion, a throwback to an earlier day when the political game was played for the sheer shin-kicking fun of it. Improbably, he has become the principal strategist of the Reagan for President campaign and he intends to have some fun over the next two years. His concerns, he says, are orchestrating Reagan's graceful transition from candidate to nominee and from nominee to President.

In a lengthy discussion of the 1980 campaign, the ground rules of which prohibited direct quotation, Sears made the following points:

► He concurs in the general wisdom that Governor James Thompson of Illinois has disappeared from the presidential landscape. (A cautionary note here. Thompson has been *temporarily* discarded by what's left of the Rockefeller GOP. But if other "moderate" options are exhausted, Thompson could revive. On paper, he's formidable. —CATO.)

► Sears believes that George Bush will be built up by the press as the alternative to Reagan. But since Bush will have to run to the left of Reagan, the new reality of GOP politics will be made dramatically apparent: there is no Republican Left. Sears will turn over a few of his hole cards in March, when the Reagan campaign committee will be announced. A few prominent Ford Republicans will be included. The premise of the Bush campaign—that he can command the support Ford did in 1976—will be shaken. The Bush campaign will absorb fatal blows when Midwestern governors "regularize" themselves by embracing Reagan.

► This type of trade-off will prove contagious—moderate Republicans, recalling the instructive careers of Rockefeller, Case, Brooke, and Percy, will want to get right with the party by saying nice things about Reagan, and Reagan, in turn, will opt to emerge as the unity candidate of the Republican Establishment. In other words, there will be no Ford base for Bush to build on. Sears makes two points here: 1) to be the Establishment candidate in a GOP contest is not necessarily a bad thing. It is the Democrats who love to go after their mainstream candidates with the Wallaces and the McCarthys. And 2) with a break here and there, Reagan could go into the general election with no significant party defections. In this respect, he would have an enormous advantage over Goldwater in 1964.

► Once the moderate-liberal option is played out, Sears concedes, the press will go hunting for the stop-Reagan candidate to the right. It could be Crane or Connally or Dole. Sears isn't sure. But he hopes to have a surprise or two for all of them in that March announcement. There will be a few members of the Reagan committee who are brand-names in the New Right. And, he notes, the New Right will have to catch his man early, in New England. As the primaries move westward, Reagan's strength grows impressively. No other candidate can make that statement. Not even Jimmy Carter.

What about the front-runner problem? No paraphrase would do Sears justice, so we risk quoting him: "There are two problems in politics. One is being ahead and the other is being behind." —CATO

---

ing switch in which the countries of the region are collaborating to keep the U.S. in the area rather than to get us out. As in physics, so in politics: every action produces a counter-reaction—in this case, a reverse domino effect.

■ First there were the New Philosophers, France's angry young men of the Sixties who turned their backs on Marxism and jolted French thought off the single-track leftism that had dominated the cultural scene since the end of World War II. This was accompanied by a gradual takeover of much of the influential French press and publishing industry by conservative intellectuals, as reported in Thomas Molnar's article "A Cultural Coup d'Etat" (*NR*, November 24, 1978). The latest development in this movement away from socialism in France is a renaissance of capitalist economics spurred in part by Henri Lepage's widely acclaimed *Demain le capitalisme*. In that book, Lepage traces the development of the Chicago school and of libertarian economics in the United States and explains why he thinks it will be *demain le capitalisme* in his final chapter: "Milton Friedman, or the Death of Keynes."

■ In the world of the future, everyone will be a *cause célèbre* for 15 minutes. Last week was Greta Rideout's turn, as her husband was acquitted of raping her. The verdict makes sense. For one thing, the facts are hard enough to settle in ordinary rape cases, without requiring juries to decide between conflicting testimonies as to

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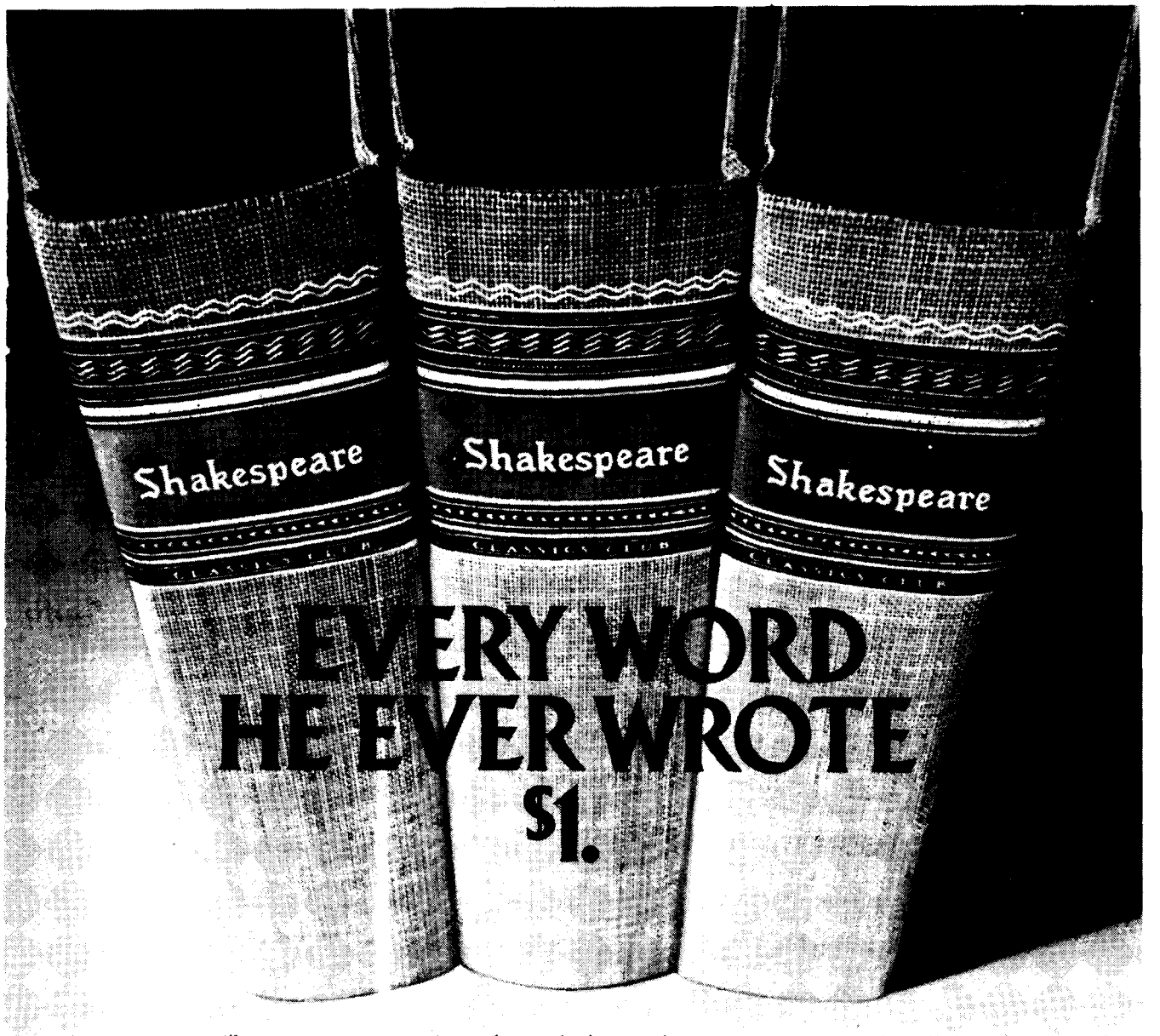

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whether Mrs. Jones did or didn't say she had a headache that night. And the whole idea of rape is that it applies with more force to the first time than to the 387th: rape means the violation of chastity. Living together implies that this is no longer inhibiting the two parties. What John Rideout was accused of actually falls into the category of assault, and, unlike the ideologues who have taken up the case, we haven't the foggiest whether he did that. Meanwhile Mrs. Rideout has acquired AVS (Accredited Victim Status). Look for her on Phil Donahue's show and the cover of *Ms.* Her 15 minutes aren't up yet.

■ Much to the surprise of just about everyone, women's colleges seem to be enjoying a renaissance. In the wake of the co-edification of colleges generally and especially the Ivy League, many observers thought the girls' schools would curl up and die. But, reports Gene I. Maeroff in the *New York Times*, enrollment is up 3.4 per cent in the last year, and looks as if it will keep on rising. "Although there is still resistance to attending schools with isolated campuses," says Maeroff, "those women's colleges situated near other institutions are seen as offering the best of both worlds—an active social life and a more supportive academic environment than some women think they can find at coeducational colleges, which they believe do not always take women seriously." As the Ivy League opens its doors to women, the Seven Sisters are swelling in response. Score one for the benign articulations of the free market.

■ The National News Council has delivered a rebuke —its second on the subject—to the *New York Times*. The *Times* has adopted the thesis that the anti-abortion movement is a Catholic job, of interest to non-Catholics only as an attempt to impose credal idiosyncrasies on the public. Of course you have to be careful how you say this, even (especially) if you are the *Times*, so a coy set of code-words has been devised. Editorially, the *Times* holds that opposition to abortion is "religious." In its reportage, it makes a habit of identifying anti-abortion Catholics as Catholics, while omitting denominational data about others. Thus: ". . . Pro-Life Action Council, headed by Carolyn Thompson, a Roman Catholic and registered nurse . . ." It was this item that was lately brought to the NNC's attention by occasional *NR* contributor William Gavin, a Roman Catholic. No comment from *Times* editor Abe Rosenthal, a Jew.

■ Continuing its war on inflation, the government has taken steps to increase the price of sugar, by raising import fees, and to increase the price of beef, by limiting imports.

■ "We've cured those misfits. Helen elopes today/With her . . . marriage counselor. Bacchus with AA." Or: "Mums, send me Nechayev, my skis, and more cash." Or: "We suffer our alienation creatively/By writing spoofs of boob-tubes . . . for TV." Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Peter Viereck, in a series of recently publishe poems, turns phrase and wit on our cultural mass pe sons.

■ It has been 33 years since the Department of Defens bought any .45 pistols, but it continues to procur heavy duty leather holsters for .45s, at a cost of $314 000 a year.

■ In an effort to trim its budget, the FBI has asked t be relieved of policing some 13 crimes, among ther unauthorized use of the Smokey the Bear symbol. Won der how many people are rotting away in prison fo impersonating Smokey the Bear?

■ The International Trade Commission, protector o American business and industry, is gravely pondering ban on the importation of Taiwanese roach clips, littl gizmos used to smoke marijuana cigarettes when they ge too short to hold, on grounds that they may infringe th patent of a Los Angeles roach-clip maker.

■ In a move that may signal the Carter Administration' long-postponed drive for government economy, the De partment of Health, Education, and Welfare announce that it "may not be able" to provide $81,000 for a one year renewal of its program to train 28 Navajo medicin men in the arts of ceremonies, taboos, and so on, afte spending $587,790 on the program over the past si years.

■ On another front, the EPA has discovered, to it apparent surprise, that Mother Nature pours far mor hydrocarbon pollutants into the air than all the evi capitalists and auto drivers combined. It will be interest ing to see what new regulations it comes up with to dea with the problem.

■ The number of lawyers in the U.S. has increased five fold in the last twenty years. Let us pray.

Senator Goldwater's Constitutional Issue

Senator Goldwater has taken the lead in pressing the legal issued raised by President Carter's abrogation of our mutual defense treaty with the Republic of China on Taiwan. It is important that the constitutional question be resolved, but Senator Goldwater is raising issues that go beyond this particular treaty.

Constitutional logic would seem to imply a role for the Senate in the abrogation of any treaty. For a treaty to take effect, two-thirds of the Senate must concur. The Founders thus indicated the solemn importance of U.S. treaties. In a carefully reasoned analysis last May, Sen-

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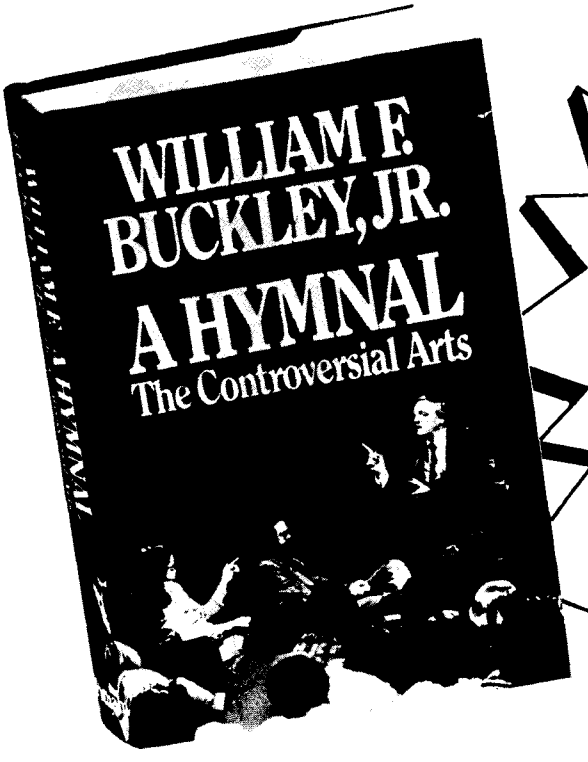

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—and much, much more (well over a hundred other articles and essays), for this is a *big* book, almost 500 pages, and as a result sells for a substantial $12.95. So, to make it easier for you (our readers) to get your own copy of this hardcover, first edition, we've put together a *very* special offer based on a low-cost 18 issue (9 months) subscription, either new or renewal.

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ator Goldwater cited, among many others, Supreme Court Justice Joseph Story:

"It is too much to expect, that a free people would confide to a single magistrate, however respectable, the sole authority to act conclusively, as well as exclusively, upon the subject of treaties . . . there is no American statesman, but must feel, that such a prerogative in an American President would be inexpedient and dangerous . . . The check, which acts upon the mind from the consideration that what is done is but preliminary, and requires the assent of other independent minds to give it legal conclusiveness, is a restraint which awakens caution, and compels to deliberation."

Numerous other authorities, both judicial and scholarly, can be cited to similar effect. However, legal precedent is not conclusive in this area. As Senator Goldwater himself concluded last May: "To this point I have emphasized the clear logic of the Constitution itself and the lessons to be drawn from historical usage. Judicial precedents have not been cited because there are simply no court holdings squarely deciding a conflict between the President and the Senate or Congress over the treaty abrogation power."

Much more is involved here than the dispute over the abrogation of our treaty with the Republic of China. Essentially, Senator Goldwater is asking: Precisely who makes the foreign policy of the United States, and by what process is such foreign policy made? Even beyond that large question, the Senator is asking fundamentally: Is public policy generally made by representative institutions or by other kinds of institutions (for in such matters the President is guided by the non-elected foreign policy establishment)? In pressing his challenge, Senator Goldwater is in effect demanding that the elected representatives of the people play a larger role in policy formation.

In this way, therefore, Goldwater's challenge has important analogues. The Bakke case took the social engineering establishment to court, and the Weber case is following it up. The legal and political struggle over busing represents another challenge to non-elected authority on behalf of representative government. In pressing his challenge over the abrogation power, Senator Goldwater comes forward as the champion of representative government. He is doing the nation a service.

One, Two, Many Clevelands

Cleveland, having temporarily stolen the spotlight from Bolivia as one of the world's more badly governed places, nevertheless yields several valuable insights. "This is not simply a clash between Mayor and Council President," declared Mayor Dennis (yes, they are calling him "The Menace") Kucinich. "It's a clash between the public interest and the private interest." Now this is a curious definition of public interest, under the circumstances. Cleveland's present woes were caused by Kucinich's refusal to sell the city-owned Municipal Electric Light and Power System. Muny Light, old and inefficient, supplies only 20 per cent of the city's power. It generates none of this power itself, however, buying it from the investor-owned Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co., and retailing it to its favored customers at cut rates. These ratepayers, not astonishingly, provided the votes that only months ago saved Kucinich from a recall attempt. "Public interest" thus turns out to be what it too often is in such cases —private interests which have more successfully harnessed the government for the bilking of other private interests.

► Cleveland, to its credit, is not the first city to default. That honor belongs to New York, which failed to meet the due date on $1.6 billion in notes three years ago. New Yorkers, however, were shrewd enough to call it a "moratorium."

► Nor, finally—a point made with customary precision by George Will—are cities the only units of government which fail to pay their debts. The United States Government does it all the time, only it is shrewd enough to call it a "deficit—which it finances by inflation. The failure, in both cases, is ultimately a failure of self-government, caused by the ignorance of the electorate, and fostered by the deceptions of politicians. "It is arguable," Will writes, "that persistent high inflation is a national form of default. It is a slow-motion default, but still a violation of trust." Which leads to the question—how, in a democracy, may the government be compelled to be trustworthy?

The ACLU's Holy War

"Anti-Catholicism," Peter Viereck is tirelessly quoted as having observed, "is the antisemitism of the intellectuals." The point has been updated by Norman Miller of the *Wall Street Journal*, who lately remarked on the curious attempt to disenfranchise abortion foes. He particularly cited the ACLU campaign against the Hyde Amendment. In order to establish the "unconstitutionality" of that Amendment, the ACLU has inspected Congressman Hyde's mail and had him followed to a Catholic Mass, where its informant reported he actually received Communion. This kind of snooping is not generally as-

Keep the Kettle Boiling

In Aden, the landing craft gather;
  Socotra has missiles in rows.
South Yemen is Red and dying to tread
  On Saudi Arabian toes.
From Russia the radio's beaming
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If this is detente, I guess what they want
  Is winning the set and the match.

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"Demolishes Teddy."

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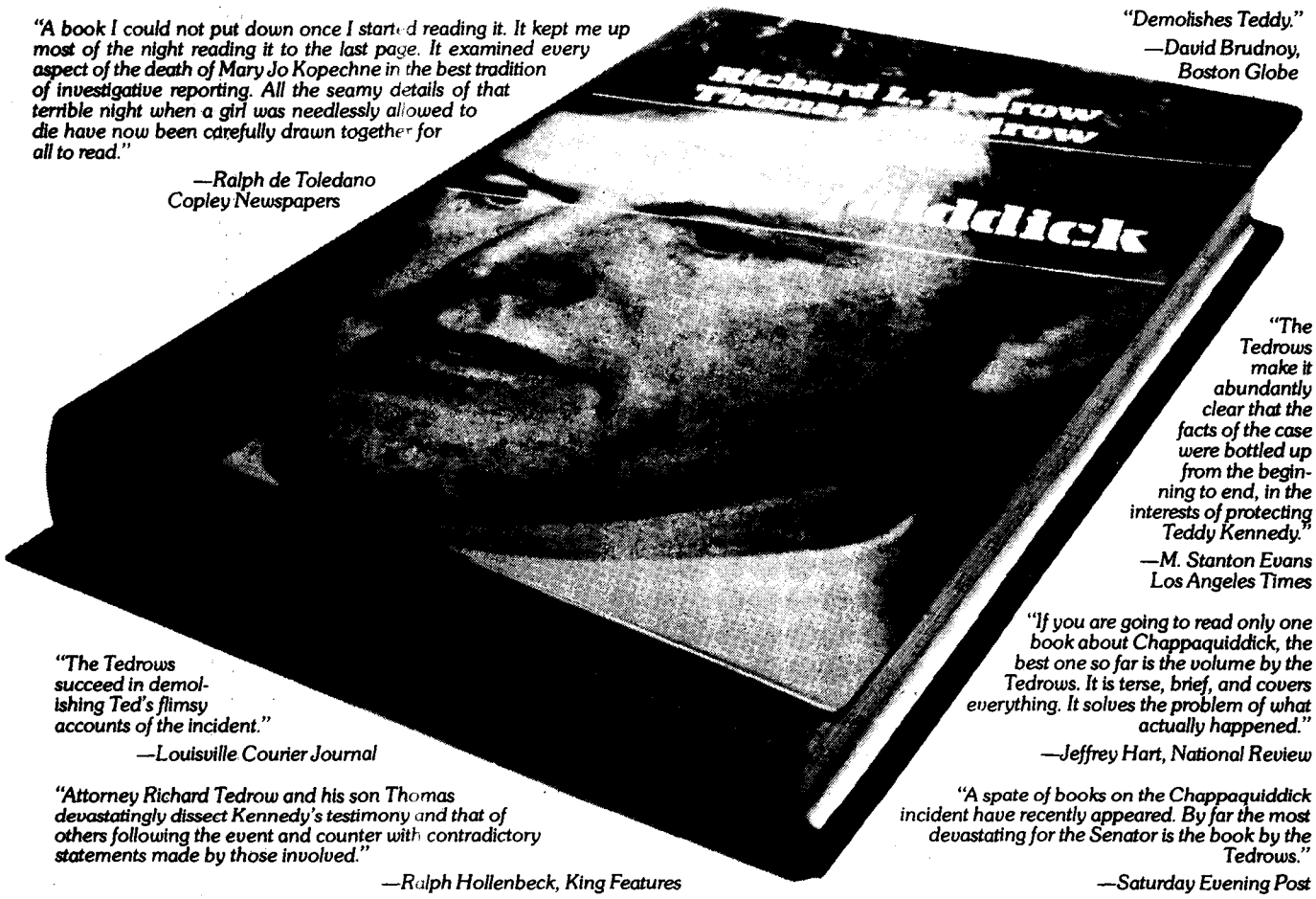

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Los Angeles Times

"The Tedrows succeed in demolishing Ted's flimsy accounts of the incident."

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sociated with civil liberties (certainly not when the FBI does it), but then, as we know, the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

This moved the ACLU's Executive Director, Ira Glasser, to write the *Journal* a defense of his organization that was almost as damaging as the attack. Opposition to abortion, he said, is a matter of "religious doctrine." For "when human life begins is essentially a religious question."

Now this is no more true of human life than of human equality. It is perfectly plausible to say that a human life begins when two human beings conceive a third, who is genetically distinct from either. Within a few weeks of its conception this third party can feel pain its mother can't feel. That therefore it deserves protection is entirely a rational deduction. This isn't a matter of supernatural revelation even for Catholics. For non-Catholics its relevance wouldn't be affected if the Pope declared abortion a sacrament.

Mr. Glasser, like most ACLU spokesmen, invokes the First Amendment as if he held the copyright. The fact is that he doesn't understand it. It forbids the state to establish creeds and forms of worship. It does *not* forbid private citizens to act on their own convictions, religious or otherwise, in moral policy issues. If "the free exercise" of religion means anything, it means that a citizen may follow the guidance of his faith in acts of citizenship.

This means that it makes no difference if Catholics oppose abortion for religious reasons, any more than if Jews support Israel for religious reasons. (The ACLU has never asked to read Senator Javits' mail or followed him to his synagogue.) Once we exclude religious motives from public life, we in effect favor nonbelievers over believers, virtually establishing irreligion. And once we make a critical issue of any motives, we are on our way to the kind of inquisition and heresy-hunting the ACLU denounces—and practices.

The present injustice is not confined to Catholics. It casts suspicion on all non-Catholics who oppose abortion for the reasons mentioned, requiring of them a kind of loyalty oath to secularism before their views can be taken seriously. Like most forms of prejudice, anti-Catholicism hurts more than just its intended victims.

Oh yes. Mr. Glasser urges abortion foes to "start showing some tolerance for the religious beliefs of others."

Alaskan Lands

When Alaska became a state in 1959, the Federal Government agreed to release about 104 million acres for ultimate disposition by the new state government. So far, it has released only about thirty million. In 1971, the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act granted some 44 million acres to the handful of Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos who were clever enough to go to court and get a piece of the action, but they have received title to only five million acres so far. That Act also required the Federal Government to decide, by December 1978, which lands should become national parks, or national monuments, or recreation areas, or wildlife refuges, or scenic rivers, or wild rivers, or wilderness areas. If Congress failed to make these designations by the cutoff date, then a lot of acreage, according to the Act, would revert to the state government or even, horror of horrors, be left open for economic development.

Congress is of course ill equipped to distinguish between a scenic river and a tidal basin, and after the magical seven years had gone by there was still no word from the Hill. So, rather than let the state or the people decide, the Carter Administration barged in, at the last moment, and copped 110 million acres. President Carter dug up the Antiquities Act of 1906; that was good for 54 million acres. Cecil Andrus, Secretary of the Interior, dredged up the Bureau of Land Management Organic Act, putting the arm on 56 million acres more. Congress can overrule these takings.

Alaska, all told, amounts to about 375 million acres—a thousand acres per resident. About one-half of 1 per cent of it is in private hands. The remainder promises to become the world's largest political football. Just think what the "lower 48" would look like if the Congress had been sitting in London in 1620.

Carter v. Common Sense

In April 1971, four policemen with a warrant searched the offices of the Stanford University newspaper for photographs taken during a campus demonstration. The staff of the paper (none of them were suspects in the relevant case) filed suit, under the Fourth Amendment (on the grounds that a subpoena, rather than a warrant, should be required to obtain evidence from third parties) and also under the First Amendment (freedom of the press). Last April, *Zurcher* v. *Stanford Daily* came finally to the Supreme Court, which ruled against the paper on both counts.

Alevoine, *The Citizen* Rothco

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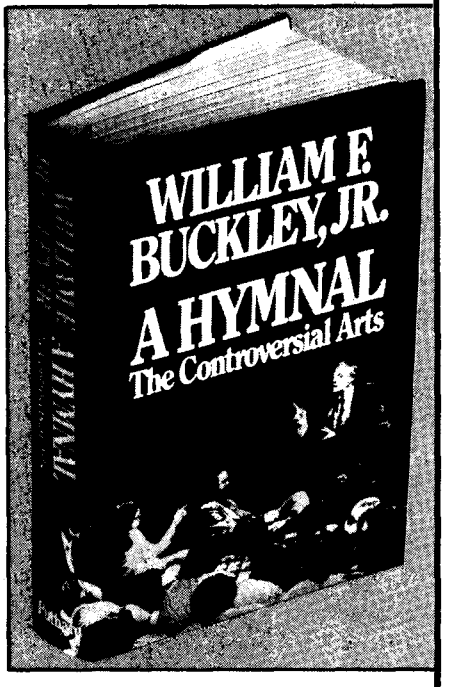

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be *of interest to you...*

Financial Competition

The American economic system is based on the premise that the public benefits from free competition and suffers from its absence. That is why we have antitrust laws. As the Supreme Court has said:

The Sherman Act was designed to be a comprehensive charter of economic liberty aimed at preserving free and unfettered competition as a rule of trade. It rests on the premise that the unrestrained interaction of competitive forces will yield the best allocation of our economic resources, the lowest prices, the highest quality and the greatest material progress, while at the same time providing an environment conducive to the preservation of our democratic political and social institutions.

The principle and the commitment seem clear. Equally clear, however, is the fact that scarcely a vestige of either the principle itself or the government's commitment is to be found at work in today's financial marketplace. On the contrary, if our entire regulatory structure had been designed for the sole purpose of suppressing competition, it could hardly have been more successful.

This is especially true of the preponderance of present laws and regulations concerning financial transactions.

Competition does, in fact, occur in the financial marketplace, but its extent and intensity are inversely proportional to the amount of government intervention; that is to say, those parts of the marketplace where the government's hand appears most often are precisely the areas in which we find the least competition.

Banking regulations have been based historically on the premise that protecting the depositor's money requires—and justifies—shielding the bank from too much competition, and that in return for charters granting them a near-monopoly on money and credit, banks might reasonably be required to forego many commercial activities. It is now clear, however, that no such monopoly exists—if indeed, it ever did—and that regulations designed to shelter individual institutions have the long-range effect of handicapping the entire industry. Financial markets have been invaded in a major way by competitors from many other sectors of the economy. (Like most other developments in the present era, this invasion is occurring with unprecedented velocity.)

Commercial banking's share of the financial assets owned by financial institutions in the United States has dwindled from more than 57% in 1946 to less than 40% today. This is only part of the story, however, since it represents only changes in the market share within the traditional financial services industry. Equally significant are the activities of enterprises operating in the financial marketplace from bases entirely outside the financial industry.

Companies whose primary business lies outside the financial marketplace are able to generate assets and organizations in relatively unregulated environments. These assets and organizational abilities can then be brought into the financial marketplace, where they are used with growing success to compete against institutions like commercial banks, which are legally barred from engaging in any other "non-bank-related" activity. This is a one-sided contest that can only produce a steady erosion of the entire banking industry.

In early 1978, for example, two of the largest chains of retail stores in the United States had installment accounts receivable equal to more than one-twelfth of the total

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consumer installment loans of all American banks combined. Five companies alone accounted for more than one-tenth of all consumer installment credit in the country.

Several such companies have established strong positions in the insurance industry. Altogether, the finance-related profits accruing to these "nonfinancial" companies are large. None of America's more than 14,000 commercial banks, for example, equaled the 1977 *financial* earnings of the largest chain of retail stores; only three equaled or surpassed General Motors Acceptance Corp., and only eight rivaled Ford Credit Corp.

While the banks—and, indeed, all the traditional depository institutions—face mounting competition in the financial market from nonfinancial companies, they are also confronted with the fact that many companies are now bypassing the traditional market altogether. One of the most significant trends of the past 10 years has been the tendency of nonfinancial companies to bypass the banking system by writing IOUs to one another in the form of commercial paper. Since 1965, when short-term lending by one corporation to another was less than $1 billion, this business has soared to between $10 billion and $12 billion today, cutting out the banks along the way. When commercial paper held by such entities as insurance companies, money-market funds and foreign investors is included, the total rises to about $16 billion.

There is a certain irony in the fact that the traditional symbol of world capitalism, the commercial bank, in the United States has become one of the institutions least able to respond to a competitive, free enterprise environment. For the present competition in financial-service markets is not an equal contest.

As a public policy concern, however, the really significant question is not merely the adverse effects of the present regulatory situation on American financial institutions, but on the American public.

The consumer of financial services in the United States actually has no way of knowing whether his needs are being met in the manner most suited to his convenience and at the minimum possible cost, because artificial constraints and barriers in the financial marketplace have systematically barred free competition among both his suppliers of credit and the users of his money.

What the consumer does know is that credit seems to be most readily obtainable and convenient to use in the sector of the marketplace that suffers the least regulation. And the suspicion arises that services might improve still further, and cost less, if this sector of the market were not shielded from the competition of the more regulated sector, and vice versa. It is the individual's savings that are the original and, in fact, the sole source of capital, and it is the individual citizen from whom government derives whatever authority it possesses to regulate the use of that capital. If the Supreme Court was right in its assessment of how the economic interests of the citizen can best be preserved, then our present regulatory system is clearly not accomplishing its purpose.

* * *

Note: These remarks are excerpted from Financial Competition and the Public Interest, a new Citibank study of current trends in the financial marketplace. Copies may be obtained from the Distribution Section, Public Affairs Department, 18th floor, zone 02, 399 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10043.

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The Carter Administration now makes known its displeasure at the *Stanford Daily* decision, which it intends to rectify by proposing legislation according special status to the "work product" of journalistic folk. "Work product" is broadly defined as anything—notes, tapes, negatives, files—created for public consumption, or "in connection with . . . plans for disseminating information." Legitimate custodians of "work product" include reporters, radio and TV stations, freelancers, and academicians ("such broad protection," notes the White House Press Office, "avoids the difficulty of trying to define the 'press' "). Non-disseminators—a banker, for instance, whose hidden camera records a stick-up—are not among the eligible.

One says "eligible" advisedly, for the proposed legislation confers a privileged status—unwarranted by the Constitution or common sense. No one is in favor of promiscuous police searches, and there is a long string of Supreme Court decisions forbidding them. Journalists and scholars may also legitimately fear the malicious warrant, issued for the purpose of harassment—for the disruption of files, or the gumming up of publishing schedules. Then let there be a federal law (or better yet, fifty state laws) giving aggrieved parties special standing to sue. If, finally, the Administration believes that "third parties" should be searched only with subpoenas, then let them propose legislation expanding the Fourth Amendment.

If the First swells any more, however, it will explode. One of the favorite liberal team sports of the last few decades has been to snatch particular clauses of the Amendment and run with them; thus "no law respecting an establishment of religion," on the hand-off from Thomas Jefferson, yields touchdowns for Madalyn Murray O'Hair and the banning of "Silent Night." Now the press is getting into the act; its rights more and more are alleged to have the character of absolutes, overriding —or such would have been the outcome of the *Farber* case if the nation's editorialists had had their way—such other rights as that of a defendant to a fair trial. Yet rights in the real world must be weighed and balanced, as they were in the *Stanford Daily* decision, if they are all to flourish. The White House's decision to absolutize that particular point is disequilibrating.

Dynamism Sí, Balance No

The assumptions underlying any SALT agreement whatsoever are essentially reactionary and therefore doomed. Those assumptions are also profoundly inimical to the American interest.

SALT basically assumes scientific and technological stasis. It assumes that a "balance of terror" can really be achieved. But entirely new scientific possibilities repeatedly open up, and new weapons systems, unanticipated in any agreement, are constantly conceived. In the phrase "balance of terror," the noun "balance" suggests the static quality of the SALT concept.

Reports have now surfaced in the media—they have been in the technical journals for at least five years—that the Soviet Union has moved rapidly ahead with an effective weapon against the ICBM. The anti-ICBM technology features a particle beam, a beam of atomic particles similar to those in a bolt of lightning. If such a beam could be controlled, it could knock out in-coming ICBMs. Some scientists doubt that the Soviets have developed any such capacity, but the issue here is paradigmatic. The ICBM has been the ultimate weapon in the so-called balance of terror. It still may be. Tomorrow, it will not be. No treaty can freeze a balance of power because no treaty can freeze scientific and tech-

Captain: "You sure goofed this time!"

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nological developments. Whether such developments will be exploited depends upon political will. At this level of consideration, the SALT issue transcends the counting of this or that bomber or this or that strategic missile. We know, historically, that it is possible to *go around* any weapons system, from mounted knight to dreadnought to Maginot line to tank to . . . now, perhaps, the ICBM.

That the U.S. should desire any sort of agreement supposedly guaranteeing a "balance" with the Soviet Union is genuinely paradoxical. Our science and technology are much more dynamic than the Soviets'. Just as the cruise missile and the neutron bomb could render obsolete the massed attack formations of Soviet tanks, so lasers or particle beams or other developments could render the huge Soviet ICBMs obsolete.

The enormous strategic advantage the U.S. possesses over the Soviets is at bottom cultural and political. This advantage renders U.S. science and technology qualitatively superior to anything available to the Soviets. Assumptions based on the so-called balance of terror gratuitously throw away the U.S advantage. Small wonder that Mr. Brezhnev desires a SALT II agreement as the capstone of his political career.

Fidelity Aids

The female army worm moth sprays
A scent males uniformly praise,
When spewed upon the summer air.
She draws the studs from *everywhere*,
Intent on pleasing Number One—
Though she'd prefer some groupie fun.
Once settled down, the blissful male
Makes all the suitor-types turn tail
By giving off a pungent smell
Most definitely not Chanel.
Though these olfactory assaults
May seem to some aesthetic faults,
To entomologists, they're sound,
Since worm moths never play around.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Northern Tier—Alive but Not Well

Not long ago a favorite target of liberal scorn was the concept of a "Northern Tier" of Moslem states along the USSR's not-so-soft Central Asian underbelly—Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, and Pakistan. Today, all that is changing. Like the threat of imminent hanging, so the convulsion in Iran, the throttling of oil exports, the rapid satellization of Afghanistan, martial law in embittered, riotous Turkey, and the prospect of rebellion in fragile Pakistan—all tend to concentrate the mind wonderfully.

Attention has focused on the impact Iran's crumbling will have on all of Southwest Asia from the Indus River to the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Whether or not the Shah's latest and perhaps last effort to salvage continuity—not power—through a civilian National Front regime succeeds, the impact of the debilitating convulsion will be earth-shaking. At worst one can envision in the not-too-distant future a pre-eminent Soviet influence along the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, linking up with existing Soviet positions astride the Red Sea in South Yemen and Ethiopia. Certainly not inevitable—but is it fantastic? Not at all, and that is why sanctimonious sermonizing on the Shah's regime has yielded to hushed alarm over the real alternatives. Noting that a successor Moslem regime might be followed by civil war and a Marxist government, Robert Moss, writing in *The New Republic*, has warned that overthrow of the Shah "is not a prospect the liberals of the West should welcome."

Right. But they may get it anyway. It's not all a Soviet plot, of course. Social change is releasing fundamental forces in the Islamic world of Southwest Asia. But patient and sometimes brazen exploitation of social change is a Soviet specialty, and they have thousands of overt and covert agents in Iran and its neighbors. The effectiveness of such a subversive infrastructure was dramatized in the bloody Afghan coup and the satellization of South Yemen after the murder of its Prime Minister. Moreover, in the global power structure, dramatic political challenges sometimes appear in pairs, e.g., Berlin and Korea in 1950, Hungary and Suez in 1956, Berlin and Cuba in 1961-62. It is quite possible that the Soviets will look for a political "breakthrough" in the Far East.

The Administration has bumbled along, alternately overstating and understating support for the Shah, then leaking premature talk about an Indian Ocean naval squadron and getting itself mousetrapped in both Iranian and Soviet protests. It is late to give advice on Iran. But some strategic thinking could be begun on the Northern Tier which hitherto insulated the rest of the Middle East against direct Soviet pressure. It is now doubly important to induce, cajole, or compel conclusion of an Egyptian-Israeli treaty before Russian influence extends across the Northern Tier to Soviet-aided Iraq and Syria or to Sadat's bankroller, Saudi Arabia, making it impossible for Egypt to sign any treaty with Israel. We and Israel (whether it recognizes the fact or not) need a major friend in the Middle East. At best Iran will be a weak reed for some time. The Administration should pin down the treaty quickly at all costs and then start thinking about the newly rehabilitated concept of a Northern Tier.

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Houari Boumédienne, R I P

One of the more shadowy figures of the last two decades, Houari Boumédienne of Algeria, succumbed last week to an equally shadowy blood disease under the care of what must have been the largest multinational team ever put together by medical science. Perhaps it was poetic justice that the secretive, nationalistic Boumédienne, a bristling spokesman for the Third World against the West, should end his days totally dependent on the (to be sure, insufficient) skills of the capitalist world he excoriated. A man of iron will and native instinct for power, he rose on the steps of a series of opportunistic alliances, dividing and successively eliminating his rivals. He first relied heavily on the USSR but later made a partial shift to French and other Western participation in development because of their superior economic and technological assets. He made Algeria a home away from home for nearly every left-wing or anti-Western guerrilla; Palestinian terrorists, aircraft hijackers, Black Panthers, and, recently, the Polisario guerrillas fighting Algeria's neighbors, Morocco and Mauritania. He was thick with the likes of Libya's Qaddafi and tried to organize rejectionist Arabs against Sadat's peace initiative. He left no designated successor, so as not to dilute his own power, and thus may have left a potential struggle among the eight members of the Council of the Revolution.

Letting his stream-of-consciousness flow full-flood, President Carter proclaimed that Boumédienne's "contributions as an international statesman are well known" and sent Secretary Blumenthal and Clark Clifford to the funeral, along with Muhammad Ali—at the request of Andrew Young. Together they visited the funeral mosque on Boulevard Ernesto Che Guevara and heard Foreign Minister Bouteflika—a contender for power—sob a pledge of undying unity to the departed, concluding with an emotional farewell: "Adieu, Boumédienne. Adieu, beloved brother, companion, friend. Adieu, Boumédienne."

Adieu.

Robert C. Hill, R I P

We are delinquent in not having noticed the death, on November 29, of Robert Hill, whose last diplomatic post was as ambassador to Argentina, having served as ambassador to Spain, Costa Rica, El Salvador, and Mexico.

Robert Hill was very much a Republican, indeed at one point in his career he was chairman of the Republican National Committee Foreign Policy Task Force. He was resolutely a native of New Hampshire, where he attended Dartmouth College, going on to take a law degree at Boston University and enter the banking business. But politics grabbed him, and he served as liaison for Secretary Dulles to Congress, a responsibility that no doubt sharpened his powers of conciliation. Throughout his career he was known as a man of intense passion (to contain the barbarians), of deft skill, and of huge, irrepressible humor. Although he was altogether convincing while wearing top hat and tails, he was as convincing acting the mimic, rising from the dinner table exuberantly to report on exchanges between Dulles, Senator Fulbright, Senator Tobey, Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon. He knew them all, knew their frailties and their strengths, and sought always, while serving, to maintain his perspective—as a devoted husband and father and patriot, intoxicated by the ironies and the humor of the bitter century he lived in. At 61 he died much, much too young. He could have left us an instructive, madly amusing, entirely revealing book. But he was, at the margin, discreet, retiring, modest. It goes without saying that he will be greatly missed by his friends. It is sad to note that he was demonstrably more grateful to his country than vice versa. In a better world, he would have suffered his fatal heart attack while serving his country as an active ambassador.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

With the great rage of your first China/Carter column I am in total sympathy. Ditto the second. But in the third, alas, you write:

> It is a metaphorical extension of that point that led Mr. Carter, on announcing his break with Taiwan, that great mountain ranges of plum puddings lay ahead of us in virtue of his step toward what he calls normalization.

Here rage or Xmas cheer or a mixture of these has tempted you into syntactic disequilibrium (find the verb), moreover to a baggy connective, "in virtue of," a locution all men of virtue should eschew.

In the next paragraph I read, "This analysis isn't on any ethical question," and am shaken inasmuch as I had not thought analyses were ever "on." And in the sentence following we hear of "the interesting schizophrenia that," which accords schizophrenia a grammatical virtue quite transcending its psychic mayhem. *And* in the otherwise high-volted peroration we are invited to swallow "the productivity of peanut production," on which Cicero, your normal master, would surely have gagged.

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So close to the Feast of the Nativity I hesitate to spell out the moral. I can only note that the boundaries are growing thin between you and the impacted "hopefully" repeatedly espoused by your brother the ex-Senator (were the electors perhaps grammarians?), and that if those boundaries are ever breached the West is lost. Have a care.

Vigilantly,
Hugh (Kenner)
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Hugh: It is characteristic of you, on the Feast of the Nativity, to remark that I have something in common with Homer. Gratefully, Bill

P.S. The column, you will note on p. 114, was reborn for the new year.

A note to our readers
From: WFB
The next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be devoted to a single theme. The staff has been working on it since midsummer. A dozen contributors who have not previously written for NATIONAL REVIEW will participate. It is perhaps the single most important issue of the magazine ever published, at least in its material implications. It will be priced (at the newsstand) at $2, but of course will go out to our readers at our outrageously philanthropic regular rate. Count the days, and nag the postman if a fortnight after reading this you have not received the issue dated February 2, 1979.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was a little confused by the reasoning in your last letter. Are you saying (grandly, like a climber of Everest) that you felt compelled to use the word "bitchy" simply because it was there? If so, when can we expect to see "ain't," "lousy," and other tacky specimens in the column? In fact, this could lead to a sort of Buckley cult ritual. Fans could get together in groups to take words from your columns and check them off against the dictionary to see if you have used them all. Having read the column frequently, I feel I should warn you, however, that you may have missed "loganberry," "farinaceous," and "octoroon."

You are enough to drive a person crazy. One is overwhelmed by the fact that you took the trouble to write, flattered outrageously by your compliments, and furious that no headway is made toward changing your point of view. You are ever-courteous, unpredictable, alternately fustian and gross, and absolutely hateproof. As a matter of fact, after hearing a friend of mine who met you during an appearance in Sacramento describe your apparel on that occasion (a frayed pink seersucker suit with at least one button missing, a narrow tie worn rakishly off-center, a spliced belt, and knotty shoelaces. He said the haircut wasn't anything to write home about either. How utterly captivating! Had his politics been less liberal and had I been old enough to vote, I might have cast a ballot for Adlai Stevenson solely—sorry about that—on the basis of that picture of the hole in his shoe), I almost decided I must be in love. I was saved from this folly only by the suspicion (acquired from reading *Saving the Queen*) that "Whee!" is actually your idea of great erotic dialogue.

Because of the attached letter, because of your reported fondness for peanut butter, and in spite of good advice to the contrary from neighbors and friends (all of whom have been following the Buckley-Bailey Debates with interest and amusement), I am sending you some homemade preserves. I warn you in advance because the only correctly sized mailing container I can find is a shoebox, and I would hate to think of your staff getting all excited and calling the bomb squad.

Please do not feel that a reply to this letter is necessary. I am already guilt-ridden over having presumed on your good nature to the extent that I have. Know, however, that I cherish the ones I have received. To say that it's been fun would be a huge understatement.

Thank you for turning an ordinary housewife and typist into an ambitious fledgling author. I sent an article to Ms. Hersey and have written three chapters of a novel. If it is ever published (and this is galloping megalomania, I'm sure), you will be mentioned prominently on the dedication page.

Farewell and God Bless,
Pat (Patricia Bailey)
Fair Oaks, Calif.

P.S. My husband says that, in this instance, the word "farewell" has a distinctly ominous ring. Rest assured, however, that there is nothing wrong with the preserves. My cousin, Susie Stevens from Coos Bay, Oregon, is the vice president of a New York bank specializing in international commercial loans. She is a very respectable girl and can vouch for the fact that I am not the sort of person to poison columnists with whom I occasionally disagree. What I mean to imply by the word "farewell" is

a) I love to write these letters, but
b) feel I can no longer impose on your time, so
c) if you really don't mind receiving them, then
d) drop me a line, otherwise
e) I will desist for a time until
f) you write another flagrantly haywire column.

Dear Mrs. Bailey: The preserves arrived in crushed glass. But I thank you anyway, and anyway your letters are just as good as preserves even if they too arrive in crushed glass. Love, **—WFB**

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The Cost Gap of '79

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

LET ME TRY to guess some of the things that must be on Brezhnev's mind as we all enter the fateful year 1979. Doubtless he is worrying about his own health—that slurred-speech syndrome and the occasional need to be propped up on either side by handy colleagues: whether, in fact, he is going to make the yearly course. And if he isn't, who is going to grab the spoils? For it seems unlikely that any present member of the ruling Politburo will immediately don all of Brezhnev's mantles: as Party boss, President of the Supreme Soviet, Marshal of the Soviet Union, Commander-in-Chief, and any others I may have forgotten to list.

He must also, I guess, be worrying about some of the things Marshall Shulman thinks he ought to be worrying about, such as the technology gap, economic backwardness, dissidents, and in general a system that doesn't deliver the goods according to doctrine—not to mention anti-Soviet or anti-Russian tensions in the USSR and Eastern Europe.

Moscow's Oil Crisis

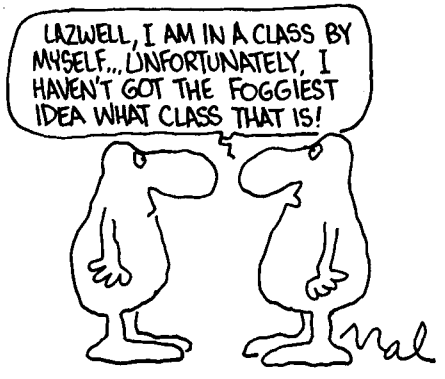
But these are not, separately or together, Brezhnev's biggest worry. Above all these things, in nagging urgency, is something that has hardly been mentioned anywhere hitherto: the great Soviet energy-cost gap of '79. A CIA report some months ago, a more recent Swedish one, and many private studies have come up with the wrong answers because they were doing the wrong sums. The real question isn't whether there is enough untapped crude in the Soviet Union to meet projected Soviet needs, including the imperial one of keeping restless East Europeans dependent on Mother Muscovy. The real question is whether Russia can afford its own oil.

A leading energy expert was inspired the other day to look into the problem from that novel angle, and has come up with a startling negative. *The Russians can't afford their own oil.* If this sounds improbable, consider some facts and some informed guesses. The range of basic costs of crude oil is disconcertingly large. At the bottom end, Saudi oil costs (I am assured) about 25 cents a barrel, delivered on board a tanker. At the top end, Alaskan oil will work out at $9 or $10, and some estimates range as high as $13 or $14. At a slightly lower level, we have a figure of $7 or $8 for North Sea oil, on which the medium-term economic hopes of Great Britain rest.

The point is that the costs to the Soviet Union of crude from the new fields in western and eastern Siberia are at the top end of the scale. As the old Caucasian oil fields dry up, and Soviet energy needs grow, the daunting costs of Siberian crude become a nightmare. Properly speaking, in a basically non-monetary economy, these costs cannot be accurately expressed in dollars, pounds, or yen. One has to think of diverted resources and the sheer physical difficulties of extracting oil in frozen tundra, with the entire infrastructure to be built from zero: roads, railroads, pipelines, new towns; plus the need for advanced drilling equipment that the USSR is not yet able to manufacture.

In the view of the expert who drew my attention to these things, the Soviet leaders cannot expect to keep their giant military machine going, or hold their East European empire down, two years from now, out of their own national resources. How tempting, then, is the proximity of colossal reserves of the cheapest oil in the world, not all that far away, in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere in the Gulf.

I am, sadly, convinced that this is the missing link in all of our strategic calculations of Soviet intentions. The old men in the Politburo are old men in a hurry. I am tired of seeing or hearing, in American and British newspapers, or in the mouths of politicians who ought to know better, sage references to "hawks" and "doves" in the Kremlin, in the hope that if we are kind to the doves, the hawks won't take over and we will be left in peace. The trouble is, nobody can identify either the hawks or the doves. And the doves who are said to be in charge must be of a singularly aggressive species if you look at the means of combat they have armed themselves with and the strategic advances they have made these last three years in Africa and the Middle East.



Whose Gap?

The old men in the Kremlin are not only in a hurry but likely to step up the pace still further in the fateful year 1979. For look at their incentives: the priceless boon of a passive President who listens to the McGovernites in his entourage; the consequent power vacuum in Africa and the Middle East; the SALT II treaty, under which, as now drafted, the U.S. barters away the security of its European allies for mythical benefits. Never have they had it so good.

But on top of all that, there is the great cost gap. Somehow, the Soviets must get their hands on that cheap Gulf crude. How much easier the conduct of the protracted conflict would be if, say, pro-Soviet regimes were installed in Iran, Saudi Arabia, and the rest, as they already are in Afghanistan and South Yemen! The British Foreign and Commonwealth Office, so help us, thinks the Russians are as interested as we are in seeing the Shah remain on his Peacock Throne. And so, I am sure, does the State Department. This absurd notion crops up time and again in the editorials of "serious" newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic.

There is, alas, no provision in our treaties or current thinking at the top for meaningful action when a friendly regime succumbs to "revolution," even when the evidence of Soviet destabilization is patent. This is the great strategic gap on our side. I have already mentioned the great Soviet gap. □

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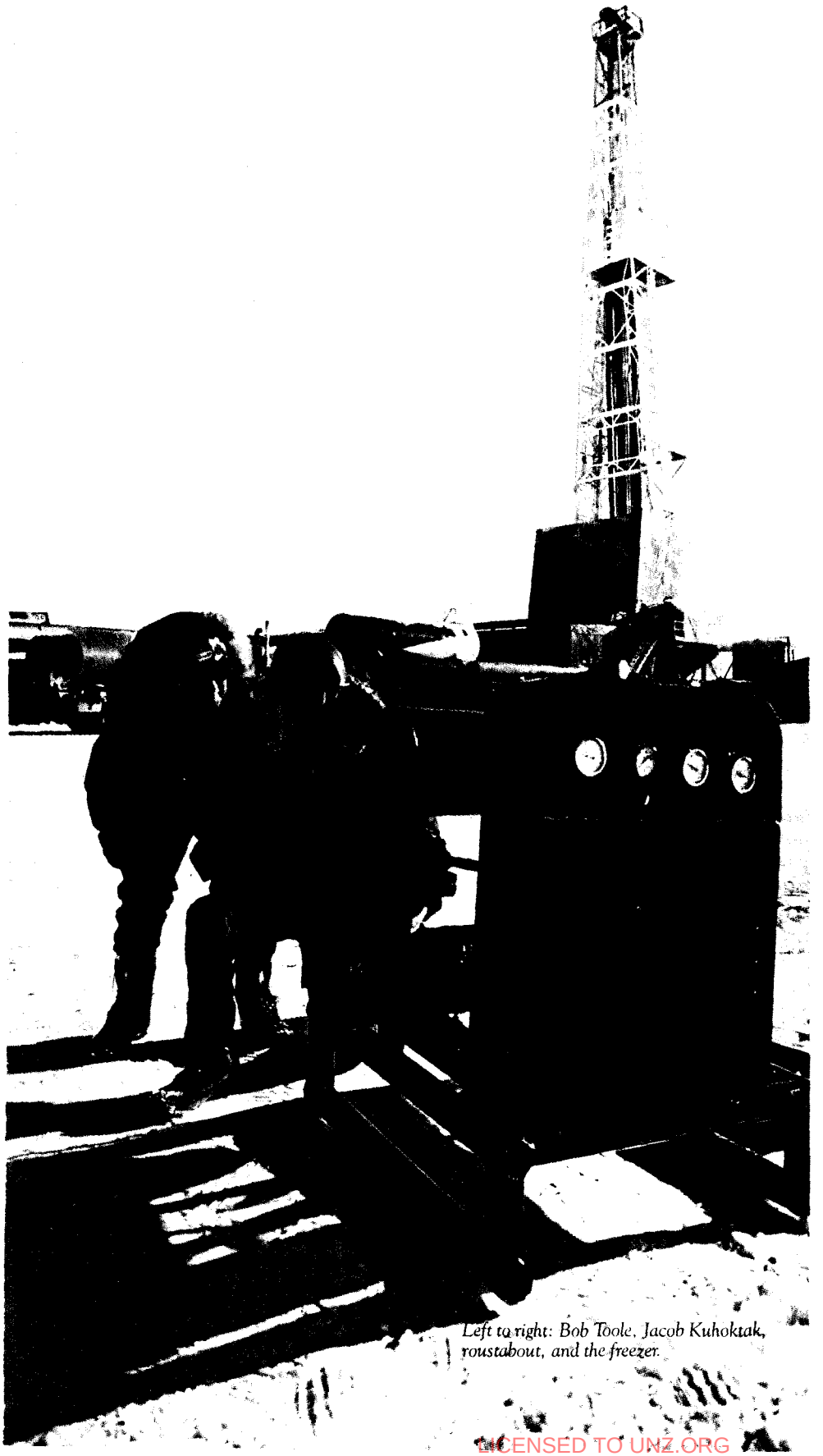
"It's 52° below zero up here, but, crazy as it sounds, we need this machine to keep the ground frozen."



Left to right: Bob Toole, Jacob Kuhoktak, roustabout, and the freezer.

"When you drill for gas north of the Arctic Circle, the way we're doing here at Canada's Mackenzie Delta, you expect a lot of problems," says Bob Toole, drilling superintendent for Gulf.

"But this one's a real fooler. It's a freezing unit. Even at 52° below zero, we need it to keep the ground around the wellhead frozen.

"At temperatures as low as this, you have to invent new ways to do almost everything."

"The problem is that when the drilling mud comes up from the bottom of the hole, maybe a mile down, it's hot enough to melt the permafrost that's holding up the whole rig.

"If the permafrost melted, the hole would get bigger and bigger, and the operation would have to come to a halt.

"Our freezer keeps the top thirty feet of the casing around the drill pipe at temperatures below freezing, so that doesn't happen.

"This country is probably one of the toughest spots on earth to drill for natural gas. But we're drilling the wells. We're meeting the challenge."

Gulf

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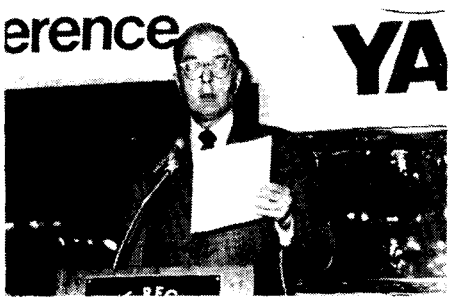
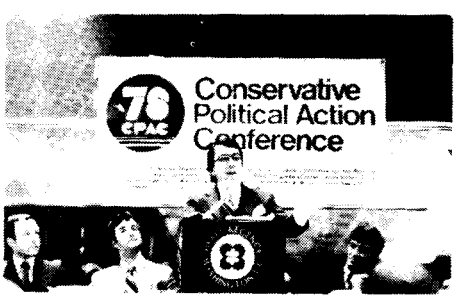


Senator Jesse Helms

Congressman Philip M. Crane

Congressman Mickey Edwards

Congressman John Ashbrook



Congressman Robert Bauman

Governor Ronald Reagan

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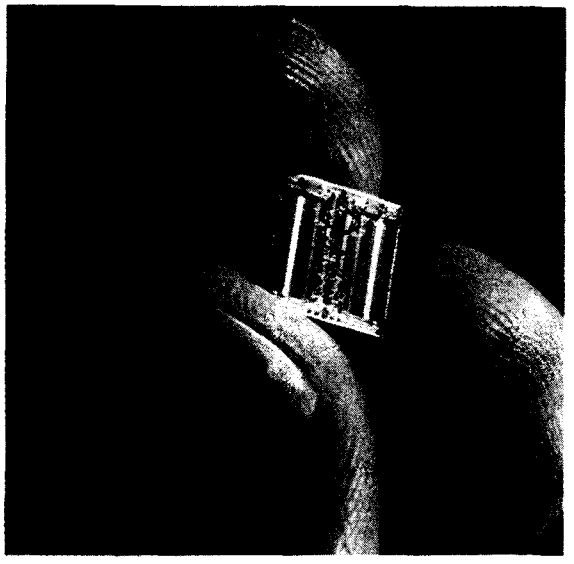

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OFFSHORE GOVERNMENT

Hear the Latest Fish Story

MARGARET A. BENGS

Now that the two-hundred-mile fishing limit has been in effect for well over a year, most observers, particularly members of the fishing industry, are giving it poor marks.

Nearly everyone agrees that the limit has stopped foreign overfishing; but it has also burdened U.S. fishermen with poor quota management, it has caused conflict with a formerly friendly fishing neighbor (Canada), and, ironically, it may force the United States to give up some of its richest fishing grounds.

Since the two-hundred-mile law—whose official title is "The Fisheries Conservation and Management Act of 1977"—went into effect, U.S. fishermen have been restricted to catching only 10 per cent of what foreigners were catching the year before. The regional commissions on the East and West Coasts base their quota recommendations on information provided by government scientists. But fishermen don't believe that a handful of scientists can count the fish in the sea.

In the East, for example, the National Marine Fisheries Service is responsible for estimating fish stocks all the way from Maine to South Carolina. The Service employs one dozen full-time scientists and about two dozen other full- or part-time employees. It owns only two research vessels, and, according to Deputy Division Chief Michael Sissenwein, employees spend less than half their time on those vessels estimating fish stocks.

Meanwhile, say fishermen, "We're walking on fish." Thomas A. Norris, vice chairman of the New England Regional Fisheries Management Council, admits that "our biological data [haven't] caught up with what the fishermen are seeing."

"That's what's so bizarre," says Robbert Hudson, general manager of Oregon's All-Coast Fishermen's Marketing Association, the third largest in the country. "The regional commission admits there is no biological justification for their quota levels, but they're doing it anyway."

When quotas have been reached for the prescribed time period, the Department of Commerce simply closes the fisheries. The New England cod and haddock fisheries have been closed four times since the two-hundred-mile law went into effect.

The way the closures were handled has demonstrated that the two-hundred-mile law has ended up placing much more power in the hands of the Federal Government than anyone in the industry had anticipated. Although the law provides for regional advisory councils, the Department of Commerce has often ignored the councils' advice. Last spring, for example, when the quota for that quarter was almost reached, the New England Fisheries Management Council urged the Department of Commerce not to close down the fisheries entirely, but, instead, to allow the boats to go out and bring in half of the normal catch. However, Commerce decided to keep the boats on shore.

THE SAME thing happened in midsummer, typically the height of the fishing season. Hundreds of people were out of work for over two weeks while Commerce tried to decide what to do. "See that processing plant next door?" says Boston fish processor Frank Burns. "We spent $300,000 to build it. It opened in May, and you know how many days it's been used? Ten." The week of July 10, the Boston fish pier laid off 125 workers. "Never in the thirty years I've been here have we ever laid off anybody in summer," Burns recalls. Piers in Gloucester reported similar layoffs.

Meanwhile, a year and a half after the enactment of the Fisheries Conservation and Management Act, the U.S. still imports over 90 per cent of its fish. New England actually imported thirty million more pounds of cod, one of the restricted species, the year after the two-hundred-mile law than the year before. Most of the imported cod comes from Canada. Canadians, in nearby and sometimes overlapping waters, catch the fish and sell it over the border.

Further tension between the U.S. and Canada is created by disputes over where to draw the two-hundred-mile boundary lines between the two countries. After decades of cooperating in waters off border coastline areas, Canada barred U.S. vessels from fishing in its waters early this summer. The U.S. then retaliated.

Headlines along the northeast and northwest coasts splashed the amazing and, to a certain extent, amusing spectacle of war between the U.S. and Canada. "There'd always been a sort of tradeoff," explains Zeke Grader, the General Manager and Counsel for the Pacific Coast Federation of Fishermen in Sausalito, California. But once the government started restricting salmon fishing, "the Canadians were denied a resource they'd had for decades."

The most bitter boundary dispute is occurring in New England, the home of Congressman Gerry Studds (D., Mass.), chief engineer of the two-hundred-mile law—which could mean the loss of New England's richest fishing ground to Canada. Under the 1958 Geneva conventions, the Canadians claim that the boundary should be determined by a two-hundred-mile line equidistant from points of land off the irregular coastlines of New England and southern Canada. The U.S. claims rights under another Geneva principle citing "special circumstances," which, off New England, means the "natural projection" of the land out to sea. If the Canadians win, they will acquire the northern half of Georges Bank, an area "historically considered ours," according to the State Department's Susan B. Jelly, and one that is also thought to contain vast oil reserves.

Considering the outcome so far, "if the two-hundred-mile limit law were up for a vote today," says Robert Hudson, "West Coast fishermen would vote against it." The feeling is the same in the East. "We'd rather be fighting the Russians," says Boston fish processor Roland Harrington. "At least we'd be free." □

Miss Bengs is a free-lance writer who lives in Brookline, Massachusetts. She has reported on the fishing industry for, among others, the Boston Herald American.

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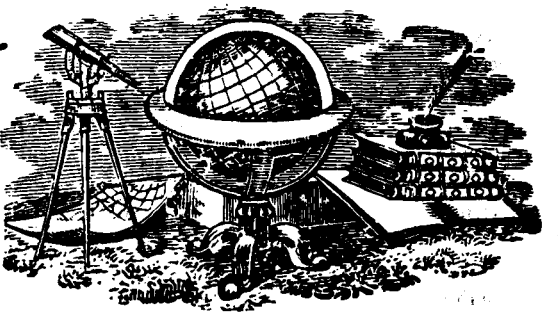
DOROTHY L. SAYERS

The Lost Tools of Learning



THAT I, WHOSE experience of teaching is extremely limited, should presume to discuss education is a matter, surely, that calls for no apology. It is a kind of behavior to which the present climate of opinion is wholly favorable. Bishops air their opinions about economics; biologists, about metaphysics; inorganic chemists, about theology; the most irrelevant people are appointed to highly technical ministries; and plain, blunt men write to the papers to say that Epstein and Picasso do not know how to draw. Up to a certain point, and provided that the criticisms are made with a reasonable modesty, these activities are commendable. Too much specialization is not a good thing. There is also one excellent reason why the veriest amateur may feel entitled to have an opinion about education. For if we are not all professional teachers, we have all, at some time or another, been taught. Even if we learnt nothing—perhaps in particular if we learnt nothing—our contribution to the discussion may have a potential value.

However, it is in the highest degree improbable that the reforms I propose will ever be carried into effect. Neither the parents, nor the training colleges, nor the examination boards, nor the boards of governors, nor the ministries of education, would countenance them for a moment. For they amount to this: that if we are to produce a society of educated people, fitted to preserve their intellectual freedom amid the complex pressures of our modern society, we must turn back the wheel of progress some four or five hundred years, to the point at which education began to lose sight of its true object, towards the end of the Middle Ages.

Before you dismiss me with the appropriate phrase—reactionary, romantic, mediaevalist, *laudator temporis acti*, or whatever tag comes first to hand—I will ask you to consider one or two miscellaneous questions that hang about at the back, perhaps, of all our minds, and occasionally pop out to worry us.

When we think about the remarkably early age at which the young men went up to the university in, let us say, Tudor times, and thereafter were held fit to assume responsibility for the conduct of their own affairs, are we altogether comfortable about that artificial prolongation of intellectual childhood and adolescence into the years of physical maturity which is so marked in our own day? To postpone the acceptance of responsibility to a late date brings with it a number of psychological complications which, while they may interest the psychiatrist, are scarcely beneficial either to the individual or to society. The stock argument in favor of postponing the school-leaving age and prolonging the period of education generally is that there is now so much more to learn than there was in the Middle Ages. This is partly true, but not wholly. The modern boy and girl are certainly taught more subjects—but does that always mean that they actually know more?

Has it ever struck you as odd, or unfortunate, that today, when the proportion of literacy throughout Western Europe is higher than it has ever been, people should have become susceptible to the influence of advertisement and mass propaganda to an extent hitherto unheard-of and unimagined? Do you put this down to the mere mechanical fact that the press and the radio and so on have made propaganda much easier to distribute over a wide area? Or do you sometimes have an uneasy suspicion that the product of modern educational methods is less good than he or she might be at disentangling fact from opinion and the proven from the plausible?

HAVE YOU ever, in listening to a debate among adult and presumably responsible people, been fretted by the extraordinary inability of the average debater to speak to the question, or to meet and refute the arguments of speakers on the other side? Or have you ever pondered upon the extremely high incidence of irrelevant matter which crops up at committee meetings, and upon the very great rarity of persons capable of acting as chairmen of committees? And when you think of this, and think that most of our public affairs are settled by debates and committees, have you ever felt a certain sinking of the heart?

Have you ever followed a discussion in the newspapers or elsewhere and noticed how frequently writers fail to define the terms they use? Or how often, if one man does define his terms, another will assume in his reply that he was using the terms in precisely the opposite sense to that in which he has already defined them? Have you ever been faintly troubled by the amount of slipshod syntax going about? And if so, are you troubled because it is inelegant or because it may lead to dangerous misunderstanding?

*Miss Sayers, best known for her Lord Peter Wimsey series (*Murder Must Advertise, Gaudy Night, *and a dozen other novels), also translated Dante and the* Chanson de Roland, *and wrote the luminous* Introductory Papers on Dante.

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Do you ever find that young people, when they have left school, not only forget most of what they have learnt (that is only to be expected) but forget also, or betray that they have never really known, how to tackle a new subject for themselves? Are you often bothered by coming across grown-up men and women who seem unable to distinguish between a book that is sound, scholarly, and properly documented, and one that is, to any trained eye, very conspicuously none of these things? Or who cannot handle a library catalogue? Or who, when faced with a book of reference, betray a curious inability to extract from it the passages relevant to the particular question which interests them?

Do you often come across people for whom, all their lives, a "subject" remains a "subject," divided by watertight bulkheads from all other "subjects," so that they experience very great difficulty in making an immediate mental connection between, let us say, algebra and detective fiction, sewage disposal and the price of salmon—or, more generally, between such spheres of knowledge as philosophy and economics, or chemistry and art?

Are you occasionally perturbed by the things written by adult men and women for adult men and women to read? We find a well-known biologist writing in a weekly paper to the effect that: "It is an argument against the existence of a Creator" (I think he put it more strongly; but since I have, most unfortunately, mislaid the reference, I will put his claim at its lowest)—"an argument against the existence of a Creator that the same kind of variations which are produced by natural selection can be produced at will by stock-breeders." One might feel tempted to say that it is rather an argument *for* the existence of a Creator. Actually, of course, it is neither: all it proves is that the same material causes (recombination of the chromosomes by cross-breeding and so forth) are sufficient to account for all observed variations—just as the various combinations of the same dozen tones are materially sufficient to account for Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* and the noise the cat makes by walking on the keys. But the cat's performance neither proves nor disproves the existence of Beethoven; and all that is proved by the biologist's argument is that he was unable to distinguish between a material and a final cause.

Here is a sentence from no less academic a source than a front-page article in the *Times Literary Supplement*:

> The Frenchman, Alfred Epinas, pointed out that certain species (e.g., ants and wasps) can only face the horrors of life and death in association.

I do not know what the Frenchman actually did say: what the Englishman says he said is patently meaningless. We cannot know whether life holds any horror for the ant, nor in what sense the isolated wasp which you kill upon the window-pane can be said to "face" or not to "face" the horrors of death. The subject of the article is mass behavior in *man*; and the human motives have been unobtrusively transferred from the main proposition to the supporting instance. Thus the argument, in effect, assumes what it set out to prove—a fact which would become immediately apparent if it were presented in a formal syllogism. This is only a small and haphazard example of a vice which pervades whole books—particularly books written by men of science on metaphysical subjects.

Another quotation from the same issue of the *TLS* comes in fittingly here to wind up this random collection of disquieting thoughts—this time from a review of Sir Richard Livingstone's *Some Tasks for Education*:

> More than once the reader is reminded of the value of an intensive study of at least one subject, so as to learn "the meaning of knowledge" and what precision and persistence is needed to attain it. Yet there is elsewhere full recognition of the distressing fact that a man may be master in one field and show no better judgment than his neighbor anywhere else; he remembers what he has learnt, but forgets altogether how he learned it.

I would draw your attention particularly to that last sentence, which offers an explanation of what the writer rightly calls the "distressing fact" that the intellectual skills bestowed upon us by our education are not readily transferable to subjects other than those in which we acquired them: "he remembers what he has learnt, but forgets altogether how he learned it."

Is not the great defect of our education today—a defect traceable through all the disquieting symptoms of trouble that I have mentioned—that although we often succeed in teaching our pupils "subjects," we fail lamentably on the whole in teaching them how to think: they learn everything, except the art of learning. It is as though we had taught a child, mechanically and by rule of thumb, to play "The Harmonious Blacksmith" upon the piano, but had never taught him the scale or how to read music; so that, having memorized "The Harmonious Blacksmith," he still had not the faintest notion how to proceed from that to tackle "The Last Rose of Summer." Why do I say, "as though"? In certain of the arts and crafts we sometimes do precisely this—requiring a child to "express himself" in paint before we teach him how to handle the colors and the brush. There is a school of thought which believes this to be the right way to set about the job. But observe: it is not the way in which a trained craftsman will go about to teach himself a new medium. He, having learned by experience the best way to economize labor and take the thing by the

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right end, will start off by doodling about on an odd piece of material, in order to "give himself the feel of the tool."

Let us now look at the mediaeval scheme of education—the syllabus of the Schools. It does not matter, for the moment, whether it was devised for small children or for older students, or how long people were supposed to take over it. What matters is the light it throws upon what the men of the Middle Ages supposed to be the object and the right order of the educative process.

The syllabus was divided into two parts: the Trivium and Quadrivium. The second part—the Quadrivium—consisted of "subjects," and need not for the moment concern us. The interesting thing for us is the composition of the Trivium, which preceded the Quadrivium and was the preliminary discipline for it. It consisted of three parts: Grammar, Dialectic, and Rhetoric, in that order.

Now the first thing we notice is that two at any rate of these "subjects" are not what we should call "subjects" at all: they are only methods of dealing with subjects. Grammar, indeed, is a "subject" in the sense that it does mean definitely learning a language—at that period it meant learning Latin. But language itself is simply the medium in which thought is expressed. The whole of the Trivium was, in fact, intended to teach the pupil the proper use of the tools of learning, before he began to apply them to "subjects" at all. First, he learned a language; not just how to order a meal in a foreign language, but the structure of a language, and hence of language itself—what it was, how it was put together, and how it worked. Secondly, he learned how to use language: how to define his terms and make accurate statements; how to construct an argument and how to detect fallacies in argument. Dialectic, that is to say, embraced Logic and Disputation. Thirdly, he learned to express himself in language—how to say what he had to say elegantly and persuasively.

At the end of his course, he was required to compose a thesis upon some theme set by his masters or chosen by himself, and afterwards to defend his thesis against the criticism of the faculty. By this time he would have learned —or woe betide him—not merely to write an essay on paper, but to speak audibly and intelligibly from a platform, and to use his wits quickly when heckled. There would also be questions, cogent and shrewd, from those who had already run the gauntlet of debate.

It is, of course, quite true that bits and pieces of the mediaeval tradition still linger, or have been revived, in the ordinary school syllabus of today. Some knowledge of grammar is still required when learning a foreign language—perhaps I should say, "is again required"; for during my own lifetime we passed through a phase when the teaching of declensions and conjugations was considered rather reprehensible, and it was considered better to pick these things up as we went along. School debating societies flourish; essays are written; the necessity for "self-expression" is stressed, and perhaps even over-stressed. But these activities are cultivated more or less in detachment, as belonging to the special subjects in which they are pigeon-holed rather than as forming one coherent scheme of mental training to which all "subjects" stand in a subordinate relation. "Grammar" belongs especially to the "subject" of foreign languages, and essay-writing to the "subject" called "English"; while Dialectic has become almost entirely divorced from the rest of the curriculum, and is frequently practiced unsystematically and out of school hours as a separate exercise, only very loosely related to the main business of learning. Taken by and large, the great difference of emphasis between the two conceptions holds good: modern education concentrates on *teaching subjects*, leaving the method of thinking, arguing, and expressing one's conclusions to be picked up by the scholar as he goes along; mediaeval education concentrated on first *forging and learning to handle the tools of learning*, using whatever subject came handy as a piece of material on which to doodle until the use of the tool became second nature.

"Subjects" of some kind there must be, of course. One cannot learn the theory of grammar without learning an actual language, or learn to argue and orate without speaking about something in particular. The debating subjects of the Middle Ages were drawn largely from theology, or from the ethics and history of antiquity. Often, indeed, they became stereotyped, especially towards the end of the period, and the far-fetched and wire-drawn absurdities of Scholastic argument fretted Milton and provide food for merriment even to this day. Whether they were in themselves any more hackneyed and trivial than the usual subjects set nowadays for "essay-writing" I should not like to say: we may ourselves grow a little weary of "A Day in My Holidays" and all the rest of it. But most of the merriment is misplaced, because the aim and object of the debating thesis has by now been lost sight of.

We who were scandalized when men were sent to fight armored tanks with rifles, are not scandalized when young men and women are sent into the world to fight massed propaganda with a smattering of 'subjects'

A glib speaker in the Brains Trust once entertained his audience (and reduced the late Charles Williams to helpless rage) by asserting that in the Middle Ages it was a matter of faith to know how many archangels could dance on the point of a needle. I need not say, I hope, that it never was a "matter of faith"; it was simply a debating exercise, whose set subject was the nature of angelic substance: were angels material, and if so, did they occupy space? The answer usually adjudged correct is, I believe, that angels are pure intelligences; not material, but limited, so that they may have location in space but not extension. An analogy might be drawn from human thought, which is similarly non-material and similarly limited. Thus, if your thought is concentrated upon one thing—say, the point of a needle—it is located there in the sense that it is not elsewhere; but although it is "there," it occupies no space there, and there is nothing to prevent an infinite number of different people's thoughts being concentrated upon the same needle-point at the same time. The proper *subject* of the argument is thus seen to be the distinction between location and ex-

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tension in space; the *matter* on which the argument is exercised happens to be the nature of angels (although, as we have seen, it might equally well have been something else); the practical lesson to be drawn from the argument is not to use words like "there" in a loose and unscientific way, without specifying whether you mean "located there" or "occupying space there."

Scorn in plenty has been poured out upon the mediaeval passion for hair-splitting: but when we look at the shameless abuse made, in print and on the platform, of controversial expressions with shifting and ambiguous connotations, we may feel it in our hearts to wish that every reader and hearer had been so defensively armored by his education as to be able to cry: *Distinguo.*

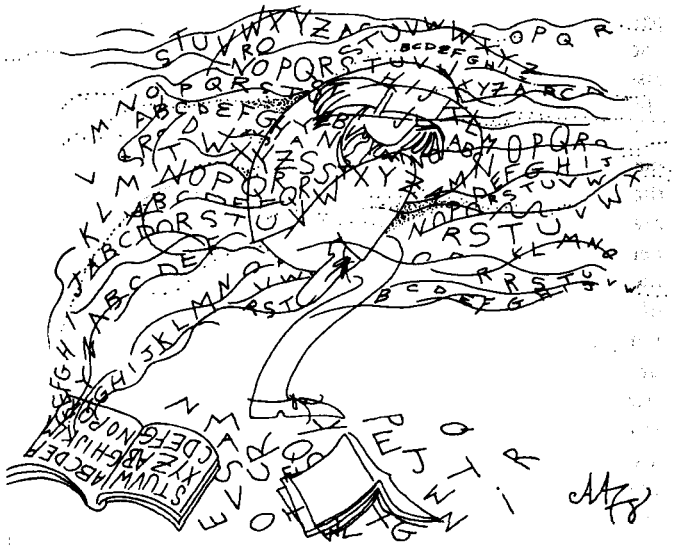
For we let our young men and women go out unarmed, in a day when armor was never so necessary. By teaching them all to read, we have left them at the mercy of the printed word. By the invention of the film and the radio, we have made certain that no aversion to reading shall secure them from the incessant battery of words, words, words. They do not know what the words mean; they do not know how to ward them off or blunt their edge or fling them back; they are a prey to words in their emotions instead of being the masters of them in their intellects. We who were scandalized in 1940 when men were sent to fight armored tanks with rifles, are not scandalized when young men and women are sent into the world to fight massed propaganda with a smattering of "subjects"; and when whole classes and whole nations become hypnotized by the arts of the spellbinder, we have the impudence to be astonished. We dole out lip-service to the importance of education—lip-service and, just occasionally, a little grant of money; we postpone the school-leaving age, and plan to build bigger and better schools; the teachers slave conscientiously in and out of school hours; and yet, as I believe, all this devoted effort is largely frustrated, because we have lost the tools of learning, and in their absence can only make a botched and piecemeal job of it.

What, then, are we to do? *We cannot go back to the Middle Ages.* That is a cry to which we have become accustomed. We cannot go back—or can we? *Distinguo.* I should like every term in that proposition defined. Does "go back" mean a retrogression in time, or the revision of an error? The first is clearly impossible *per se*; the second is a thing which wise men do every day. "Cannot"—does this mean that our behavior is determined irreversibly, or merely that such an action would be very difficult in view of the opposition it would provoke? Obviously the twentieth century is not and cannot be the fourteenth; but if "the Middle Ages" is, in this context, simply a picturesque phrase denoting a particular educational theory, there seems to be no *a priori* reason why we should not "go back" to it—with modifications—as we have already "gone back," with modifications, to let us say, the idea of playing Shakespeare's plays as he wrote them, and not in the "modernized" versions of Cibber and Garrick, which once seemed to be the latest thing in theatrical progress.

Let us amuse ourselves by imagining that such progressive retrogression is possible. Let us make a clean sweep of all educational authorities, and furnish ourselves with a nice little school of boys and girls whom we may experimentally equip for the intellectual conflict along lines chosen by ourselves. We will endow them with exceptionally docile parents; we will staff our school with teachers who are themselves perfectly familiar with the aims and methods of the Trivium; we will have our buildings and staff large enough to allow our classes to be small enough for adequate handling; and we will postulate a Board of Examiners willing and qualified to test the products we turn out. Thus prepared, we will attempt to sketch out a syllabus—a modern Trivium "with modifications"; and we will see where we get to.

But first: what age shall the children be? Well, if one is to educate them on novel lines, it will be better that they should have nothing to unlearn; besides, one cannot begin a good thing too early, and the Trivium is by its nature not learning, but a preparation for learning. We will, therefore, "catch 'em young," requiring of our pupils only that they shall be able to read, write, and cipher.

My views about child-psychology are, I admit, neither orthodox nor enlightened. Looking back upon myself (since I am the child I know best and the only child I can pretend to know from inside) I recognize three states of development. These, in a rough-and-ready fashion, I will call the Poll-Parrot, the Pert, and the Poetic—the latter coinciding, approximately, with the onset of puberty. The Poll-Parrot stage is the one in which learning by heart is easy and, on the whole, pleasurable; whereas reasoning is difficult and, on the whole, little relished. At this age, one readily memorizes the shapes and appearances of things; one likes to recite the number-plates of cars; one rejoices in the chanting of rhymes and the rumble and thunder of unintelligible polysyllables; one enjoys the mere accumulation of things. The Pert age, which follows upon this (and, naturally, overlaps it to some extent), is characterized by contradicting, answering back, liking to "catch people out" (especially one's elders); and by the propounding of conundrums. Its nuisance-value is extremely high. It usually sets in about the Fourth Form. The Poetic age is popularly known as the "difficult" age. It is self-centered; it yearns to express itself; it rather specializes in being misunderstood; it is restless and tries to achieve in-



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dependence; and, with good luck and good guidance, it should show the beginnings of creativeness, a reaching-out towards a synthesis of what it already knows, and a deliberate eagerness to know and do some one thing in preference to all others. Now it seems to me that the layout of the Trivium adapts itself with a singular appropriateness to these three ages: Grammar to the Poll-Parrot, Dialectic to the Pert, and Rhetoric to the Poetic age.

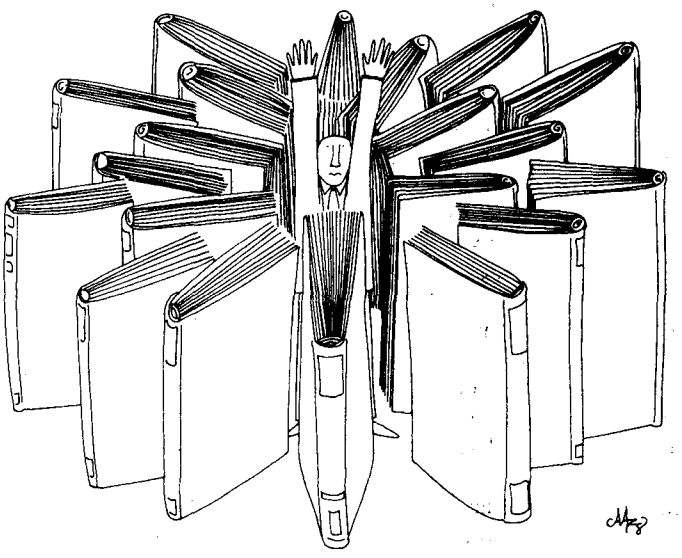
Let us begin, then, with Grammar. This, in practice, means the grammar of some language in particular; and it must be an inflected language. The grammatical structure of an uninflected language is far too analytical to be tackled by any one without previous practice in Dialectic. Moreover, the inflected languages interpret the uninflected, whereas the uninflected are of little use in interpreting the inflected. I will say at once, quite firmly, that the best grounding for education is the Latin grammar. I say this, not because Latin is traditional and mediaeval, but simply because even a rudimentary knowledge of Latin cuts down the labor and pains of learning almost any other subject by at least 50 per cent. It is the key to the vocabulary and structure of all the Romance languages and to the structure of all the Teutonic languages, as well as to the technical vocabulary of all the sciences and to the literature of the entire Mediterranean civilization, together with all its historical documents.

Those whose pedantic preference for a living language persuades them to deprive their pupils of all these advantages might substitute Russian, whose grammar is still more primitive. Russian is, of course, helpful with the other Slav dialects. There is something also to be said for Classical Greek. But my own choice is Latin. Having thus pleased the Classicists among you, I will proceed to horrify them by adding that I do not think it either wise or necessary to cramp the ordinary pupil upon the Procrustean bed of the Augustan Age, with its highly elaborate and artificial verse forms and oratory. Post-classical and mediaeval Latin, which was a living language down to the end of the Renaissance, is easier and in some ways livelier; and a study of it helps to dispel the widespread notion that learning and literature came to a full-stop when Christ was born and only woke up again at the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

Latin should be begun as early as possible—at a time when inflected speech seems no more astonishing than any other phenomenon in an astonishing world; and when the chanting of *"Amo, Amas, Amat"* is as ritually agreeable to the feelings as the chanting of "eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

During this age we must, of course, exercise the mind on other things besides Latin grammar. Observation and memory are the faculties most lively at this period; and if we are to learn a contemporary foreign language we should begin now, before the facial and mental muscles become rebellious to strange intonations. Spoken French or German can be practiced alongside the grammatical discipline of the Latin.

In *English*, meanwhile, verse and prose can be learned by heart, and the pupil's memory should be stored with stories of every kind—classical myth, European legend, and so forth. I do not think that the classical stories and masterpieces of ancient literature should be made the vile bodies on which to practice the technics of Grammar—that



was a fault of mediaeval education which we need not perpetuate. The stories can be enjoyed and remembered in English, and related to their origin at a subsequent stage. Recitation aloud should be practiced, individually or in chorus; for we must not forget that we are laying the groundwork for Disputation and Rhetoric.

The grammar of *History* should consist, I think, of dates, events, anecdotes, and personalities. A set of dates to which one can peg all later historical knowledge is of enormous help later on in establishing the perspective of history. It does not greatly matter which dates: those of the Kings of England will do very nicely, provided that they are accompanied by pictures of costumes, architecture, and other everyday things, so that the mere mention of a date calls up a strong visual presentment of the whole period.

Geography will similarly be presented in its factual aspect, with maps, natural features, and visual presentment of customs, costumes, flora, fauna, and so on; and I believe myself that the discredited and old-fashioned memorizing of a few capital cities, rivers, mountain ranges, etc., does no harm. Stamp-collecting may be encouraged.

Science, in the Poll-Parrot period, arranges itself naturally and easily round collections—the identifying and naming of specimens and, in general, the kind of thing that used to be called "natural history," or, still more charmingly, "natural philosophy." To know the names and properties of things is, at this age, a satisfaction in itself; to recognize a devil's coach-horse at sight, and assure one's foolish elders that, in spite of its appearance, it does not sting; to be able to pick out Cassiopeia and the Pleiades, and perhaps even to know who Cassiopeia and the Pleiades were; to be aware that a whale is not a fish, and a bat not a bird—all these things give a pleasant sensation of superiority; while to know a ring-snake from an adder or a poisonous from an edible toadstool is a kind of knowledge that has also a practical value.

The grammar of *Mathematics* begins, of course, with the multiplication table, which, if not learnt now, will never be learnt with pleasure; and with the recognition of geometrical shapes and the grouping of numbers. These exercises lead naturally to the doing of simple sums in arithmetic. More complicated mathematical processes may, and

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perhaps should, be postponed, for reasons which will presently appear.

So far (except, of course, for the Latin), our curriculum contains nothing that departs very far from common practice. The difference will be felt rather in the attitude of the teachers, who must look upon all these activities less as "subjects" in themselves than as a gathering-together of *material* for use in the next part of the Trivium. What that material is, is only of secondary importance; but it is as well that anything and everything which can usefully be committed to memory should be memorized at this period, whether it is immediately intelligible or not. The modern tendency is to try and force rational explanations on a child's mind at too early an age. Intelligent questions, spontaneously asked, should, of course, receive an immediate and rational answer; but it is a great mistake to suppose that a child cannot readily enjoy and remember things that are beyond his power to analyze—particularly if those things have a strong imaginative appeal (as, for example, "Kubla Khan"), an attractive jingle (like some of the memory-rhymes for Latin genders), or an abundance of rich, resounding polysyllables (like the *Quicunque vult*).

THIS REMINDS me of the grammar of *Theology*. I shall add it to the curriculum, because theology is the mistress-science, without which the whole educational structure will necessarily lack its final synthesis. Those who disagree about this will remain content to leave their pupils' education still full of loose ends. This will matter rather less than it might, since by the time that the tools of learning have been forged the student will be able to tackle theology for himself, and will probably insist upon doing so and making sense of it. Still, it is as well to have this matter also handy and ready for the reason to work upon. At the grammatical age, therefore, we should become acquainted with the story of God and Man in outline—i.e., the Old and New Testaments presented as parts of a single narrative of Creation, Rebellion and Redemption—and also with the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. At this stage, it does not matter nearly so much that these things should be fully understood as that they should be known and remembered.

It is difficult to say at what age, precisely, we should pass from the first to the second part of the Trivium. Generally speaking, the answer is: so soon as the pupil shows himself disposed to pertness and interminable argument. For as, in the first part, the master-faculties are Observation and Memory, so, in the second, the master-faculty is the Discursive Reason. In the first, the exercise to which the rest of the material was, as it were, keyed, was the Latin grammar; in the second, the key-exercise will be Formal Logic. It is here that our curriculum shows its first sharp divergence from modern standards. The disrepute into which Formal Logic has fallen is entirely unjustified; and its neglect is the root cause of nearly all those disquieting symptoms which we have noted in the modern intellectual constitution. Logic has been discredited, partly because we have come to suppose that we are conditioned almost entirely by the intuitive and the unconscious. There is no time to argue whether this is true; I will simply observe that to neglect the proper training of the reason is the best possible way to make it true. Another cause for the disfavor into which Logic has fallen is the belief that it is entirely based upon universal assumptions that are either unprovable or tautological. This is not true. Not all universal propositions are of this kind. But even if they were, it would make no difference, since every syllogism whose major premise is in the form "All A is B" can be recast in hypothetical form. Logic is the art of arguing correctly: "If A, then B": the method is not invalidated by the hypothetical nature of A. Indeed, the practical utility of Formal Logic today lies not so much in the establishment of positive conclusions as in the prompt detection and exposure of invalid inference.

It will be objected that to encourage young persons at the Pert age to browbeat, correct, and argue with their elders will render them intolerable. My answer is that children of that age are intolerable anyhow

Let us now quickly review our material and see how it is to be related to Dialectic. On the *Language* side, we shall now have our vocabulary and morphology at our finger-tips; henceforward we can concentrate on syntax and analysis (i.e., the logical construction of speech) and the history of language (i.e., how we came to arrange our speech as we do in order to convey our thoughts).

Our *Reading* will proceed from narrative and lyric to essays, argument, and criticism, and the pupil will learn to try his own hand at writing this kind of thing. Many lessons—on whatever subject—will take the form of debates; and the place of individual or choral recitation will be taken by dramatic performances, with special attention to plays in which an argument is stated in dramatic form.

Mathematics—algebra, geometry, and the more advanced kinds of arithmetic—will now enter into the syllabus and take its place as what it really is: not a separate "subject" but a sub-department of Logic. It is neither more nor less than the rule of the syllogism in its particular application to number and measurement, and should be taught as such, instead of being, for some, a dark mystery, and, for others, a special revelation, neither illuminating nor illuminated by any other part of knowledge.

History, aided by a simple system of ethics derived from the grammar of theology, will provide much suitable material for discussion: Was the behavior of this statesman justified? What was the effect of such an enactment? What are the arguments for and against this or that form of government? We shall thus get an introduction to constitutional history—a subject meaningless to the young child, but of absorbing interest to those who are prepared to argue and debate. *Theology* itself will furnish material for argument about conduct and morals; and should have its scope extended by a simplified course of dogmatic theology (i.e., the rational structure of Christian thought), clarifying the relations between the dogma and the ethics, and lending itself to that application of ethical principles in particular instances which is properly called casuistry. *Geog-*

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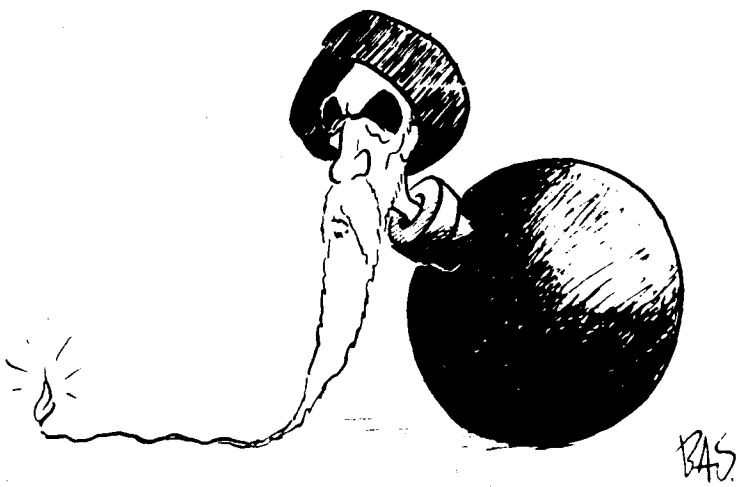
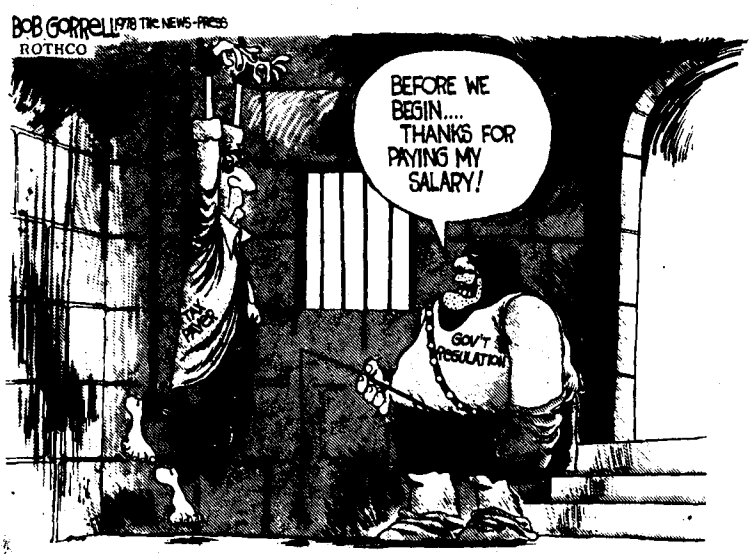
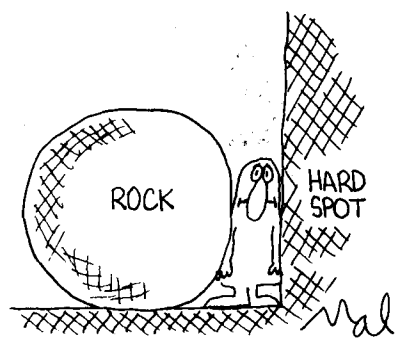


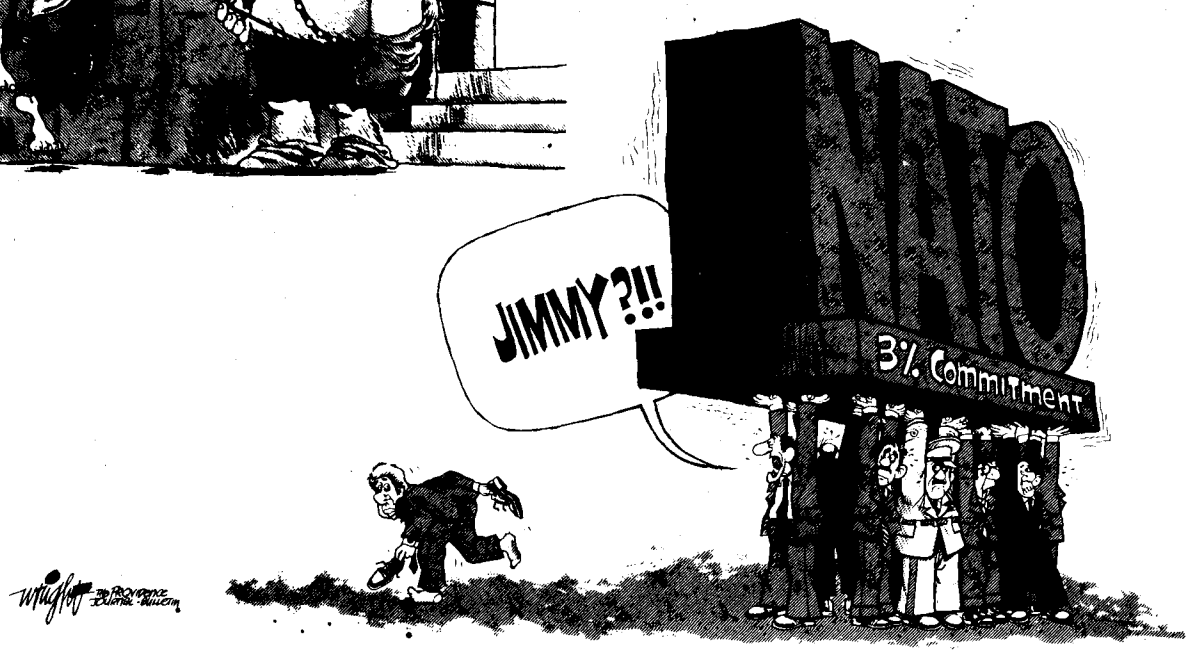
Sailing with Teddy

To sail against the wind demands
Cooperation from all hands.
The sheets are taut, the rail's awash,
And no one has the heart to josh
As crew and captain learn to share
The feel of soggy underwear.
As Teddy tacks toward Camelot,
Perhaps he'll get what Ahab got.

W. H. VON DREELE







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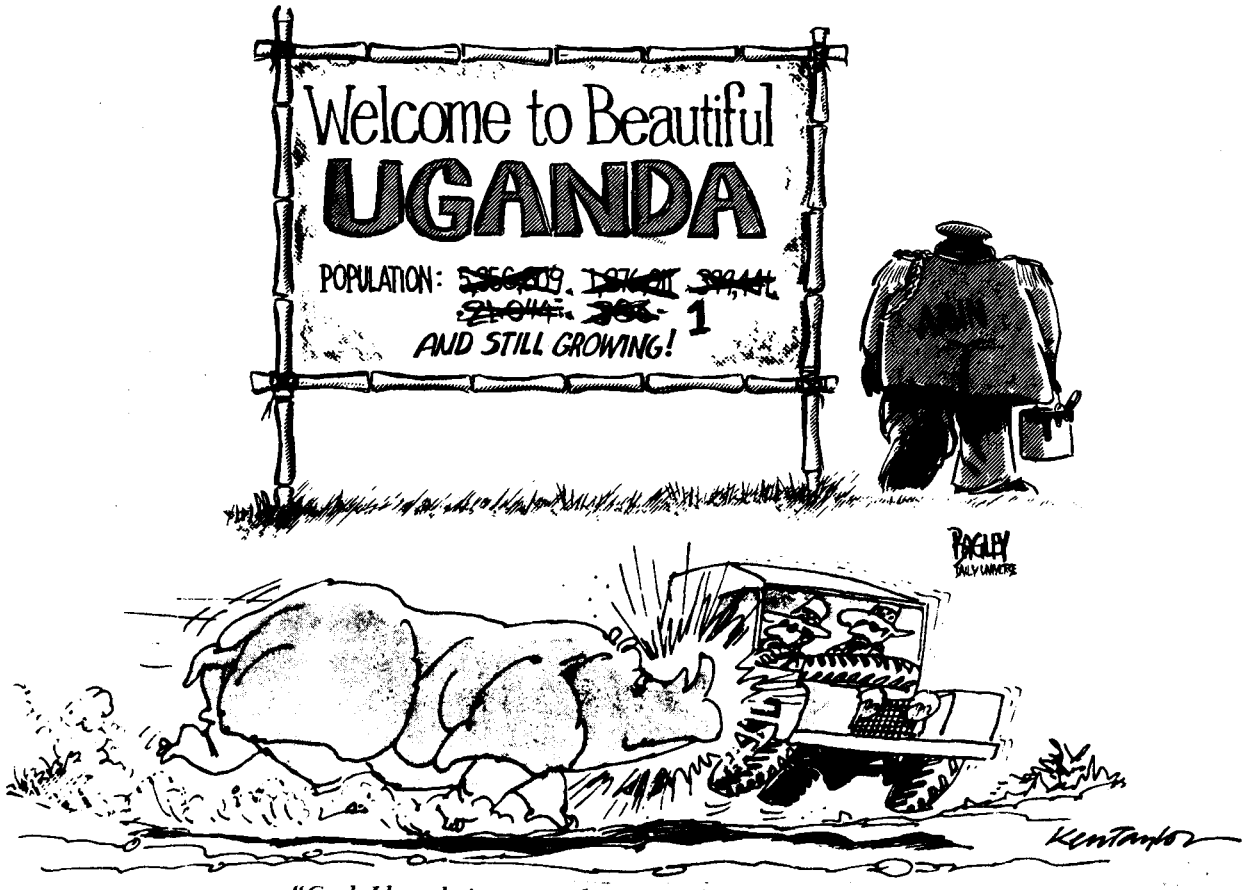

"God, I hate being treated as a sex object."

LOOSEN UP A LITTLE ON THE GUIDELINES, WILLYA, SMILEY?
TEAMSTERS
MACNELLY
THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER ©1978 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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raphy and the *Sciences* will likewise provide material for Dialectic.

But above all, we must not neglect the material which is so abundant in the pupils' own daily life.

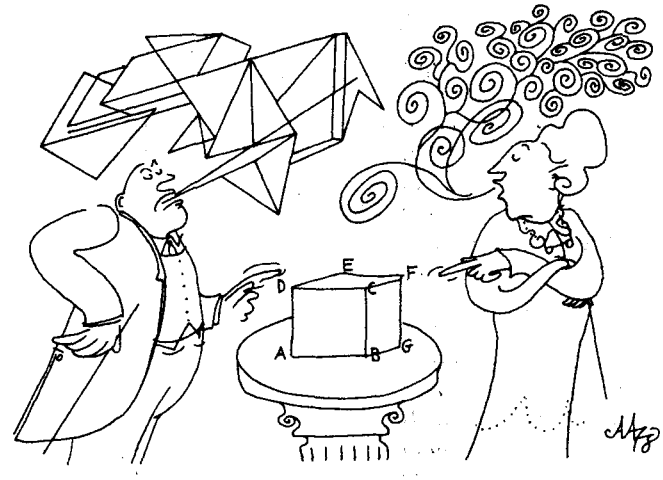
There is a delightful passage in Leslie Paul's *The Living Hedge* which tells how a number of small boys enjoyed themselves for days arguing about an extraordinary shower of rain which had fallen in their town—a shower so localized that it left one half of the main street wet and the other dry. Could one, they argued, properly say that it had rained that day *on* or *over* the town or only *in* the town? How many drops of water were required to constitute rain?—and so on. Argument about this led on to a host of similar problems about rest and motion, sleep and waking, *est* and *non est*, and the infinitesimal division of time. The whole passage is an admirable example of the spontaneous development of the ratiocinative faculty and the natural and proper thirst of the awakening reason for definition of terms and exactness of statement. All events are food for such an appetite.

An umpire's decision; the degree to which one may transgress the spirit of a regulation without being trapped by the letter: on such questions as these, children are born casuists, and their natural propensity only needs to be developed and trained—and, especially, brought into an intelligible relationship with events in the grown-up world. The newspapers are full of good material for such exercises: legal decisions, on the one hand, in cases where the cause at issue is not too abstruse; on the other, fallacious reasoning and muddleheaded arguments, with which the correspondence columns of certain papers one could name are abundantly stocked.

WHEREVER the matter for Dialectic is found, it is, of course, highly important that attention should be focused upon the beauty and economy of a fine demonstration or a well-turned argument, lest veneration should wholly die. Criticism must not be merely destructive; though at the same time both teacher and pupils must be ready to detect fallacy, slipshod reasoning, ambiguity, irrelevance, and redundancy, and to pounce upon them like rats. This is the moment when précis-writing may be usefully undertaken; together with such exercises as the writing of an essay, and the reduction of it, when written, by 25 or 50 per cent.

It will, doubtless, be objected that to encourage young persons at the Pert age to browbeat, correct, and argue with their elders will render them perfectly intolerable. My answer is that children of that age are intolerable anyhow; and that their natural argumentativeness may just as well be canalized to good purpose as allowed to run away into the sands. It may, indeed, be rather less obtrusive at home if it is disciplined in school; and, anyhow, elders who have abandoned the wholesome principle that children should be seen and not heard have no one to blame but themselves.

Once again: the contents of the syllabus at this stage may be anything you like. The "subjects" supply material; but they are all to be regarded as mere grist for the mental mill to work upon. The pupils should be encouraged to go and forage for their own information, and so guided towards the proper use of libraries and books of reference, and



shown how to tell which sources are authoritative and which are not.

Towards the close of this stage, the pupils will probably be beginning to discover for themselves that their knowledge and experience are insufficient, and that their trained intelligences need a great deal more material to chew upon. The imagination—usually dormant during the Pert age—will reawaken, and prompt them to suspect the limitations of logic and reason. This means that they are passing into the Poetic age and are ready to embark on the study of Rhetoric. The doors of the storehouse of knowledge should now be thrown open for them to browse about as they will. The things once learned by rote will be seen in new contexts; the things once coldly analyzed can now be brought together to form a new synthesis; here and there a sudden insight will bring about that most exciting of all discoveries: the realization that a truism is true.

It is difficult to map out any general syllabus for the study of Rhetoric: a certain freedom is demanded. In literature, appreciation should be again allowed to take the lead over destructive criticism; and self-expression in writing can go forward, with its tools now sharpened to cut clean and observe proportion. Any child who already shows a disposition to specialize should be given his head: for, when the use of the tools has been well and truly learned, it is available for any study whatever. It would be well, I think, that each pupil should learn to do one, or two, subjects really well, while taking a few classes in subsidiary subjects so as to keep his mind open to the inter-relations of all knowledge. Indeed, at this stage, our difficulty will be to keep "subjects" apart; for as Dialectic will have shown all branches of learning to be inter-related, so Rhetoric will tend to show that all knowledge is one. To show this, and show why it is so, is pre-eminently the task of the mistress-science. But whether theology is studied or not, we should at least insist that children who seem inclined to specialize on the mathematical and scientific side should be obliged to attend some lessons in the humanities and *vice versa*. At this stage also, the Latin grammar, having done its work, may be dropped for those who prefer to carry on their language studies on the modern side; while those who are likely never to have any great use or aptitude for mathematics might also be allowed to rest, more or less, upon their oars. Generally speaking: whatsoever is *mere* appa-

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ratus may now be allowed to fall into the background, while the trained mind is gradually prepared for specialization in the "subjects" which, when the Trivium is completed, it should be perfectly well equipped to tackle on its own. The final synthesis of the Trivium—the presentation and public defense of the thesis—should be restored in some form; perhaps as a kind of "leaving examination" during the last term at school.

The scope of Rhetoric depends also on whether the pupil is to be turned out into the world at the age of 16 or whether he is to proceed to the university. Since, really, Rhetoric should be taken at about 14, the first category of pupil should study Grammar from about 9 to 11, and Dialectic from 12 to 14; his last two school years would then be devoted to Rhetoric, which, in his case, would be of a fairly specialized and vocational kind, suiting him to enter immediately upon some practical career. A pupil of the second category would finish his Dialectical course in his preparatory school, and take Rhetoric during his first two years at his public school. At 16, he would be ready to start upon those "subjects" which are proposed for his later study at the university: and this part of his education will correspond to the mediaeval Quadrivium. What this amounts to is that the ordinary pupil, whose formal education ends at 16, will take the Trivium only; whereas scholars will take both the Trivium and the Quadrivium.

We have lost the tools of learning that were so adaptable to all tasks. We have merely a set of complicated jigs, each of which will do but one task and no more, so that no man ever sees the work as a whole

Is the Trivium, then, a sufficient education for life? Properly taught, I believe that it should be. At the end of the Dialectic, the children will probably seem to be far behind their coevals brought up on old-fashioned "modern" methods, so far as detailed knowledge of specific subjects is concerned. But after the age of 14 they should be able to overhaul the others hand over fist. Indeed, I am not at all sure that a pupil thoroughly proficient in the Trivium would not be fit to proceed immediately to the university at the age of 16, thus proving himself the equal of his mediaeval counterpart, whose precocity astonished us at the beginning of this discussion. This, to be sure, would make hay of the English public-school system, and disconcert the universities very much. It would, for example, make quite a different thing of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

But I am not here to consider the feelings of academic bodies: I am concerned only with the proper training of the mind to encounter and deal with the formidable mass of undigested problems presented to it by the modern world. For the tools of learning are the same, in any and every subject; and the person who knows how to use them will, at any age, get the mastery of a new subject in half the time and with a quarter of the effort expended by the person who has not the tools at his command. To learn six subjects without remembering how they were learnt does nothing to ease the approach to a seventh; to have learnt and remembered the art of learning makes the approach to every subject an open door.

Before concluding these necessarily very sketchy suggestions, I ought to say why I think it necessary, in these days, to go back to a discipline which we had discarded. The truth is that for the last three hundred years or so we have been living upon our educational capital. The post-Renaissance world, bewildered and excited by the profusion of new "subjects" offered to it, broke away from the old discipline (which had, indeed, become sadly dull and stereotyped in its practical application) and imagined that henceforward it could, as it were, disport itself happily in its new and extended Quadrivium without passing through the Trivium. But the Scholastic tradition, though broken and maimed, still lingered in the public schools and universities: Milton, however much he protested against it, was formed by it—the debate of the Fallen Angels and the disputation of Abdiel with Satan have the tool-marks of the Schools upon them, and might, incidentally, profitably figure as set passages for our Dialectical studies. Right down to the nineteenth century, our public affairs were mostly managed, and our books and journals were for the most part written, by people brought up in homes, and trained in places, where that tradition was still alive in the memory and almost in the blood. Just so, many people today who are atheist or agnostic in religion, are governed in their conduct by a code of Christian ethics which is so rooted in their unconscious assumptions that it never occurs to them to question it.

But one cannot live on capital forever. However firmly a tradition is rooted, if it is never watered, though it dies hard, yet in the end it dies. And today a great number—perhaps the majority—of the men and women who handle our affairs, write our books and our newspapers, carry out our research, present our plays and our films, speak from our platforms and pulpits—yes, and who educate our young people—have never, even in a lingering traditional memory, undergone the Scholastic discipline. Less and less do the children who come to be educated bring any of that tradition with them. We have lost the tools of learning—the axe and the wedge, the hammer and the saw, the chisel and the plane—that were so adaptable to all tasks. Instead of them, we have merely a set of complicated jigs, each of which will do but one task and no more, and in using which eye and hand receive no training, so that no man ever sees the work as a whole or "looks to the end of the work."

What use is it to pile task on task and prolong the days of labor, if at the close the chief object is left unattained? It is not the fault of the teachers—they work only too hard already. The combined folly of a civilization that has forgotten its own roots is forcing them to shore up the tottering weight of an educational structure that is built upon sand. They are doing for their pupils the work which the pupils themselves ought to do. For the sole true end of education is simply this: to teach men how to learn for themselves; and whatever instruction fails to do this is effort spent in vain. □

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Gasoline: Cheap at Any Price

MITCHELL KOSS & ARCHIE ANDERSON

WHETHER OR NOT it is true that the U.S.A. could meet its energy needs merely by finding a way to harness the energy generated by commentators proposing solutions to the energy crisis, the existence of so many popularly unaccepted proposals on the subject suggests a little-discussed possibility. Perhaps the people have already made their decision as to what to do about the world's finite reserves of petroleum. There may already be a popular and characteristically American solution to the energy crisis.

The American public wants to use it all up and then hope for the kind of extraordinary innovation which has always rescued us from past limitations. Wise or foolish as such a course of action may be, it is the traditional response that we, as a people, make to the diminution of resources. Our national personality retains some of the aspects of a frontier people; the development of new frontiers remains a national priority. The proposed energy policies, without explicitly saying so, require a basic alteration of this part of our national character.

The economics of energy are complex. We, who are by profession advertisers, are not so bold as to try to devise a popular—hence workable—solution. Rather, we point to the unarticulated public sentiments on energy—a gesture for which our profession does qualify us. Effective advertising follows from the intuitive understanding of popular aspirations. Though the advertising industry uses many of the scientific polling methods of political analysis, advertisers still must make judgments about sentiments that are too difficult to measure with opinion samples. Additionally, advertisers must understand when the public is not answering candidly.

In our professional judgment, such dissembling is being evoked by the energy crisis. The public, though it is seemingly impatient for some kind of massive rationing/tax/conservation program, is actually holding out for the above-mentioned traditional solution. The people understand, instinctively, that to institute any national form of conservation for so important a commodity as energy would be to transform the U.S.A. A national conservation measure would come down to making sure that your neighbor does not have more than you do. This negative economic thinking runs counter to a basic force in the U.S.A.—our traditional aspirations.

The signs are everywhere.

One Basic Faith

When a high-level Department of Energy official spoke to a group of Florida retirees about the energy crisis, he was surprised at their response. "They became angry at suggestions that they conserve energy," the official said. Yet this attitude on the part of the retirees is consistent with the Harris poll that found a very high percentage of all sorts of Americans "suspicious of gasoline conservation." We continue to use record amounts of gasoline. The fastest growing segment of the auto industry produces vans, campers, and recreational vehicles (RVs)—gas-guzzlers all. Does this mean that we are hell-bent on partying, 1920s style, until the disappearance of the last drop of gasoline triggers the crash?

Most of us think not. Though not a moderate people, we are very forward-looking. As a dynamic rather than a static society, we spend our time keeping an eye on the future rather than on one another. That is, the public may choose to ignore the issue of diminishing supplies of petroleum, but they are not oblivious to it. The hope implicit in the current public attitude and action on energy is that, when the time of depletion draws near, someone will come up with new developments that will save us all. We have one basic faith: we believe that we shall continue to be astounded by our enduring ability to find new frontiers and to devise new methods of living on them.

The New Frontier

As when we cut down most of our forests, plowed most of our arable land, sent our fleet over distant seas, and now are extending our international business interests as far as we can push them, we have always expanded into frontiers until physically unable to go further. And then we have found a new area for expansion.

Regardless of the degree of truth in this analogy, we, as a people, have applied it to petroleum: at the last instant, the public hopes and believes, someone—a new frontiersman, a new entrepreneur—will present us either with a new source of energy or with a new way of living that requires neither very much energy nor deliberate methods of rationing it.

Regardless of how virtuous or prudent it might be, the current governmental attempt to resolve the energy crisis—exemplified in the creation of the Department of Energy—flouts the national need to express such hope.

For the first time in our history, the government is charged with settling a major debate as to national direction. Whereas traditionally government has followed national will, it is now moving into the contrary position. This is not to say that in the past government hasn't made decisions that large segments of the population found uncongenial. But this is the first instance in which the government has chosen actively to impose itself by the creation of a new frontier—the finding of alternative energy sources or the development of lifestyles independent both of large amounts of energy and of energy regulations. In the past, regulations have always come after the closing of a frontier. Frontiers have functioned because they lacked rules. Sometimes brutal, always exciting, they were the places where we could expend our great

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national energies. How can we have an energy czar and still retain our basic approach to this new frontier?

President Carter says: "The entire world is looking at our government to see whether or not we have the national will to deal with this difficult challenge." Meanwhile, gasoline prices, adjusted for inflation, are at the same level they were at in 1964, a decade before the embargo. Gasoline is a bargain, and the people of the U.S.A. know what to do with it: they use it.

Before we grow too gloomy, let it be noted that most government attempts to modify the national personality will probably fail. The national will continues to operate on the energy crisis whether or not Senators Kennedy and Tower continue to find themselves linked in opposition to the same energy bills. In fact, the success or failure of the specifics of the government's program is not a central issue. The people know that the next generation may have to face a significantly different world. What they refuse to do is abandon the very mechanism that has brought us this far. Regardless of the outcome, the public wants to plunge ahead with assertive optimism: we will adapt as a result of personal ambitions and aspirations. It may be that, finally, a contracting world will force a change in our national character. But until then, the American public remains determined to be its own brash self.

The Energy Constituency

When James Schlesinger says: "Energy has no natural constituency," he could not be further from the truth. As the next frontier, it has the broadest possible constituency—one so broad that the narrow, specific aims of Washington, D.C. have failed to perceive it. Energy's constituency is racing ahead of the legislative efforts of Washington to harness it.

When, speaking of the character of the coalition against the energy compromise bill, Senator Howard Metzenbaum boasted, "It's really an amazing coalition we have put together," he showed just how far out of touch he is with the truly phenomenal size of energy's natural constituency: it covers the whole country. Given such a basic, though unarticulated, consensus, the public pays little attention to political maneuvering over energy. The public does not look to the government to define the frontier. Instead, it looks to those of its own members who may be capable of the effort.

Perhaps the most reassuring words to come out of Washington on energy are those of Senator Russell Long of Louisiana. "I never thought the conferees would take a House bill favored by the consumers, and a Senate bill favored by the producers, and work out a fiasco opposed by both. But they have clearly succeeded in doing so." Perhaps Washington is after all more baroquely in touch than we know—perhaps those involved in the formulation of an energy program know better than to come to a well-defined position.

A Solution Somehow

So much for the true nature of public sentiment and traditional responses to governmental initiatives. Having come to this point, we offer an opinion: things will work out—somehow.

Consider what are thus far the most famous remarks on the energy crisis, President Carter's declaration that it is "the greatest challenge our country will face in its lifetime" and one that must be approached as the "moral equivalent of war." Though history will probably prove the former statement to be correct, no temporal distance is necessary to perceive the latter as stupid. Apart from its basic lack of proportion, the analogy is incompatible with the previously discussed traditional American response. War implies a situation where government—on behalf of the military—becomes the prime consumer and purchaser in the nation. There is no reasonable way, in the energy crisis, for the government to direct private industry and produce the necessary innovations.

Now we are assuming profit-seeking to be the primary goad toward that extraordinary innovation to which we have referred. It is the chance of a large return that encourages people to take the risks involved in developing the systems and devices necessary to the future of society. Such will not be the case if the government embraces private enterprise too closely in the search for an energy solution: both the risks and the profits might be present in such a situation; but they will not follow one from the other, and they will not produce the necessary innovations.

Short of nationalization of the industry, the government cannot buy enough from the oil firms—on behalf of the public—to encourage new developments. In a war, the profit motive is sparked by the government's—and ideally the nation's—wholehearted willingness to spend money on innovation. In the energy crisis, the government can only increase or decrease allowable profits, ration, reward or punish consumers and producers—all without allowing the two groups to get together and arrange a solution.

Policies to protect or to punish the petroleum industry, therefore, are both counter to the national interest. The industry must be allowed to be competitive, if possible. Restraint will not provide our market system with the necessary goads to inspiration and innovation—for there is no need to make profits through extraordinary means until profits through conventional means are no longer possible. Corporate responsibility and conscience aside, this innovations-follow-goads rule is the basis of the public's trust that someone or some group will come up with a new and unprecedented solution to the energy crisis.

Ultimately, the belief in our own ingenuity as a people is the basic faith of an American citizen. Up to now, it has not been blind faith. Adaptability, after all, has traditionally been a virtue of both American business and the American public. At this writing, the development of a process for converting coal to oil has been announced; the oil companies even now foresee the time when they must adapt or perish. Work on both fission and controlled fusion as future power sources has been well documented. Who knows what sorts of individual efforts are already under way, as first the cranks and then the geniuses and the entrepreneurs begin to address themselves to the situation?

We may come out in better fashion than before. We may become just another tight European nation. Or we may find a middle, moderately successful route. Meanwhile, the only choice we have is to keep those appliances, vans, and furnaces going—and to hope. □

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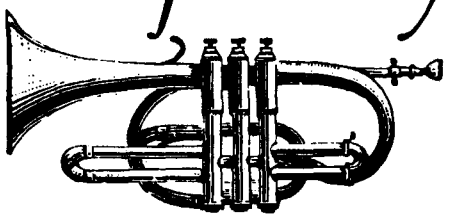
The Legend of Buddy Bolden



TOM BETHELL

SURPRISINGLY FEW Americans have heard of Charles "Buddy" Bolden, who was born in New Orleans one hundred and one years ago, made a living for a while as a plasterer and general handyman, played the cornet professionally for six or seven years at the most (c. 1899-1905), was committed to an insane asylum in rural Louisiana before his thirtieth birthday. He never left that asylum in the 24 years of life remaining to him. After his death, in 1931, his body was returned to New Orleans, where he was buried in a grave which to this day remains unmarked.

During his brief cornet-playing period, Bolden established for himself a reputation which was literally fabulous. According to the fables spun around his life, Bolden was the originator of jazz—the leader of the first jazz band. Although he was only a poor black laboring man who lived in a rather lowly district of New Orleans who made no known recordings, and of whom only one rather blurred photograph has survived (usually printed reversed), Bolden's life was set down in epic form only eight years after his death in *Jazzmen*, the pioneer jazz history, published in 1939.

Buddy Bolden was also a barber, according to the legend, and the "editor" of a scandal sheet called *The Cricket*. He and his band first began to play the lowdown blues at such low-life dives as Tin Type Hall, a barrelhouse on Liberty Street. He blew his horn so powerfully that the tuning slide would sometimes fly out and land twenty feet away from the bandstand. When he played uptown at Lincoln Park, he could be heard five or six miles away. Everyone came to hear him—the other bands in the neighborhood had to close down. Numerous young ladies pursued him. He could "talk" to them individually on the cornet by half depressing the valves—"Mary, come here . . ." would be faintly heard in the midst of a melody.

According to a characteristic passage in *Jazzmen*, "he was never known to march down the street with only one woman. Often he could be seen coming with three: one carrying his instrument, one his coat, one his hat—*all three satisfied.*" Finally, the climactic ending: "Under the stress of excitement, his mind snapped and he went on a rampage during a Labor Day parade . . . The king of them all was committed to the East Louisiana State Hospital on June 5, 1907."

AT THAT POINT the word "jazz" did not exist, nor was it by any means clear that a new form of music had appeared in America. But within a decade the word existed, and the new musical language was recorded; and within a decade after his death Bolden would be credited with having started it all. Who could have foreseen this development? Not Bolden. As the years and decades inside the asylum slowly passed ("he insists on going about touching each post, and is not satisfied until he has accomplished this at least once," the superintendent wrote), Buddy Bolden could not conceivably have imagined that such a significant niche in the pantheon of American heroes awaited him.

Since the publication of *Jazzmen*, but especially in recent years, the Bolden legend has been carefully scrutinized by researchers in New Orleans and elsewhere, not least by two of the original contributors to *Jazzmen*, Frederic Ramsey Jr. and William Russell. A third and most indefatigable researcher has been Donald Marquis, whose findings were published earlier this year in a book entitled *In Search of Buddy Bolden*. For a while when I lived in New Orleans, I was sporadically engaged in some of this Bolden research myself, and so became acquainted with both the Bolden legend and the cast of characters surrounding it.

The first thing to say, I think, is that Bolden's reputation in its essential feature as the first jazzman has survived the detective work and devil's advocacy quite successfully (especially when you consider that, during the 1950s, one

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British jazz writer suggested that so little was known about Bolden's life that he really may not have existed at all).

Many of the colorful stories about Bolden's life have been decisively refuted, however. Bolden was not a barber, for one thing, although he hung around in barbershops, which were then (and to some extent still are) the equivalent of workingmen's clubs in the black community. Barbershops were (and are?) great centers of gossip, so that, perhaps, is how the story—surely apocryphal—of his editing *The Cricket* was started. No copies of this alleged scandal sheet have ever been found, and it probably didn't exist.

In the 1950s a good friend of Bolden's named Louis Jones (who really was a barber) was unearthed and interviewed by Fred Ramsey, then in New Orleans on a Guggenheim fellowship. Ramsey recorded a lengthy conversation in which Jones and another acquaintance of Bolden's reminisced together about the primordial jazzman. Ramsey has guarded the transcript of this valuable interview with his life, so intense is the rivalry among Bolden researchers; it will undoubtedly be the centerpiece of the book about Bolden that Ramsey has contracted to write for Oxford University Press. Fortunately, however, Jones lived on into the 1960s and was re-interviewed by the Tulane University New Orleans Jazz Archive (established twenty years ago with the assistance of a Ford Foundation grant), an interview that is publicly available.

RANDOM NOTES

■ More January Titles: Edna O'Brien's *A Rose in the Heart* (Doubleday, $8.95) is a collection of 12 short stories. . . . Arthur C. Clarke's *The Foundations of Paradise* (Harcourt, Brace, $10) is about the building of an "orbital tower" between earth and a satellite 22,000 miles up. . . . Bernard-Henri Lévy, one of the so-called "New Philosophers" who are currently disturbing the perfumed dreams of the Left intelligentsia, is publishing *Barbarism with a Human Face* (Harper, $12.95) in America, in a translation by George Holoch. Among Lévy's heresies is the belief that Gulag is simply socialism in action. . . . James P. Jackson's *The Biography of a Tree* (Jonathan David, $10.95), the story of a white oak that lives to be 265 years old in an Eastern hardwood forest, looks utterly delightful.

■ Some February Titles: Thomas C. Oden argues, in *Agenda for Theology* (Harper, $7.95), that a post-modern Christian orthodoxy can be formed. . . . The first black lady ever to sit in the Texas legislature has written *Barbara Jordan: A Self-Portrait* (Doubleday, $9.95), with a little help from Shelby Hearon. . . . In *The View from Sunset Boulevard: America as Brought to You by the People Who Make Television* (Basic, $8.95), Ben Stein shows that producers and writers know more about making money than about anything else, including the civilization they profess to understand and presume to inform. . . . Peter Jenkins, who is in the middle of a stroll across the United States, has finished the first part of both his trip and his book, which, appearing as *A Walk across America* (Morrow, $12.95), has attracted a good deal of publicity—perhaps more through the efforts of professional beaters than anything else. . . . *Greenpeace III: Journey into the Bomb* (Morrow, $10.95) by David McTaggart—with Robert Hunter—is an account of the author's attempt to stop nuclear testing by the French government in the Pacific.

In this interview Jones remarked that Bolden was taught to play music by someone called Manuel Hall, about whom nothing else is known. But, Jones said, "Buddy could play [by] note [i.e., read music] and play, you know, ear music," meaning that he could improvise. "He could go and hear a band playing in the theater, and he come out and practice in between dances, and that morning, before the ball was over with, he could play that piece and play it well . . . Poor Buddy Bolden started out good," said Jones the barber, who had cut Bolden's hair many times. "Buddy Bolden was a noted youngster." But then one day "he lost his mind, and that is the reason he stopped playing." Jones's wife added for the benefit of the interviewers that Bolden was "one of those old-time hot poppas," whatever that meant.

The most interesting part of the Bolden legend concerns a cylinder recording that he was supposed to have made early on in his brief career. Bolden's trombone player Willie Cornish talked about this to the jazz writer Charles Edward Smith in 1939, when Smith was in New Orleans doing research for *Jazzmen*. A very curious thing then happened. Smith and William Russell, who were working on the New Orleans aspects of jazz history for the book, decided to keep this information about a possible recording secret. They did not publish it in *Jazzmen*. They even did not tell Fred Ramsey, who was supposed to be in charge of collating the manuscript. Smith and Russell believed that they might actually find the cylinder by hunting door to door in New Orleans and subsequently re-issue it as a record. But they never did find it. Smith, now dead, finally published an interesting account of his search for the Bolden cylinder in *Saturday Review* in 1957.

Even in this article, however, Smith suppressed a crucial bit of information, which I came across one day almost by accident in going through a file of Smith's letters to Russell in Russell's New Orleans apartment—an extraordinary, chaotic, priceless treasure-trove of jazz memorabilia, the sight of which prompted one well known American jazz authority to remark that it ought to be transferred intact to the Smithsonian Institution.

I am tempted to digress here about William Russell, a fascinating 73-year-old eccentric who still lives in New Orleans and who is the acknowledged world expert on New Orleans jazz. Russell and Ramsey discovered the old New Orleans trumpeter Willie "Bunk" Johnson in 1939 and fitted him out with false teeth and a working trumpet; subsequently, in the 1940s, Russell made some outstanding records of Bunk—the "New Orleans revival," so called, which influenced a generation of young jazzmen in Europe in the 1950s and has had further repercussions since. Bunk's letters to Russell (typed, with a period after almost every word) had contributed significantly to the Bolden legend.

Almost every day while I was in New Orleans I would see Russell, who stayed up all night in his apartment fondling old violins, occasionally pulling out for my inspection such treasures as Jelly Roll Morton letters, rare Scott Joplin sheet music, Louis Armstrong blues accompaniment 78s (in mint condition), and I can't say what else. Russell also has

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nearly all Bunk's letters in his possession. One day he suggested I look in the Charles Edward Smith box, after I had pestered him for a few days about his Bolden research. In one of these letters, written to Russell in 1939, Smith gave the name of the man who supposedly had recorded the Bolden cylinder.

IT IS IMPORTANT to realize that the old cylinder machines were like modern tape recorders in one respect: in addition to merely playing back a pre-recorded cylinder, one could buy "blank" cylinders and, with a change of needle, record live music. In *Saturday Review*, Smith said that the cylinder had been recorded "to please a white friend of Cornish's whose family ran a grocery and butcher shop in New Orleans for many years." Evidently this man had one of these machines, and he asked Bolden to record a tune (or perhaps several) for him. The name of the grocer, I found out from the letter to Russell, was "Dutch" Zahn. This name has not to date appeared anywhere in the Bolden literature; Smith omitted it from his article, and, more significantly, Russell evidently never showed his correspondence file to Fred Ramsey. In fact, there seems to have been very little communication between Ramsey and Russell after the publication of *Jazzmen*.

As it happened, Ramsey himself was also in New Orleans at this time, doing research for his Bolden book, on a much-needed grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. One evening I went to see him—a tall, grizzled man wearing baggy pants and tennis shoes. Although in his sixties, Fred communicated a sense of enthusiasm about his research which is not often found in even the brightest young scholar. He told me the following story: When he visited New Orleans in the 1950s, the time he interviewed Louis Jones, the barber, he also found a man called Edmund Wise who had known Bolden well. (He did this by standing on a street corner in what had been—fifty years earlier—Bolden's neighborhood and asking elderly black men if they remembered Bolden.)

Wise told Ramsey that one day he and a man called O'Leary, a singer of some kind, were passing the time talking about old Buddy Bolden. This was in 1924, when Bolden was still alive. On an impulse they decided to go and visit the legendary jazzman in the Jackson, Louisiana asylum. (This in itself was a new twist to the Bolden saga, I reflected. To date there had been no evidence that *anyone* from New Orleans had seen Bolden since 1907. Wise's story would update the recollection of Bolden by 17 years.) So Wise and O'Leary set off for Jackson. Ramsey then told me something which made me realize at that moment, if I had never felt it before and if I never would again, just how exciting historical research can be at its best. My interview with Ramsey took place in 1975. Bear in mind that Russell and Ramsey had not exchanged any Bolden information since *Jazzmen* came out in 1939.

"Evidently Wise and O'Leary brought with them a gift of cigarettes for Bolden," Ramsey told me, consulting a file of notes on his lap. "The first thing the superintendent did was ask them not to bring up the subject of music. Well, they did indeed talk to Bolden, and he asked them about some old acquaintances back in New Orleans. In particular, he asked about a white man he remembered called Oscar Zaurn . . ."

"What was that name?" I asked.

"Well, that's phonetic," Ramsey said. "I didn't know how it was spelled, so I put down Z-a-u-r-n. But now I've found that there was a Zahn in the New Orleans city directories and he lived . . ."

"Oh, Fred!" I cried out.

". . . lived around the corner from Bolden . . ."

"Fred, do you know who he was?"

Ramsey became as excited as I was. He stood up, tugging impatiently at his trousers. "No, who?"

"Fred," I said, standing up myself, "Zahn was the man who made the Bolden cylinder!"

"My God!" Ramsey said, literally clapping a hand to his forehead and sitting down again.

I told Fred about the Smith letter Russell had in his files. (Not long after this Russell and Ramsey did exchange notes at last.) Anyway, there it was. The one man in New Orleans whom Bolden thought to ask after—suggesting to me, as I think about it now, that his mind may not really have been as darkened as the superintendent seemed to think—was the one man who just might have been able to document Bolden's pioneering role in jazz history: the man who had made what was surely the first jazz record.

It is remotely possible that the Bolden cylinder still ex-

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ists, although very, very unlikely. Smith poignantly describes, in his *Saturday Review* article, tracking down Zahn's relatives (he does not name them) and being told that their cylinder recordings had been "old and just sitting there, collecting dust. They went to the dump." Even more poignantly, in a way, if the cylinder *were* to show up today, it would be very difficult for anyone to say for certain that it was indeed Bolden's band, because the cylinder would be untitled, not having been recorded commercially, and there is no one alive today who can honestly be said to know what Bolden's band sounded like. He stopped playing, after all, over seventy years ago. A 17-year-old who heard Bolden playing on South Rampart Street would now be ninety years old. Well, I suppose it's *j-u-s-t* possible. There are ninety-year-old jazzmen still alive in New Orleans. But in fact the Bolden story is in the process of passing irretrievably from first-hand recollection into the realm of legend.

None of this Zahn material is to be found in Don Marquis' recently published book, *In Search of Buddy Bolden* (Louisiana State University Press, $9.95), which only goes to show that it is possible to spend years in the most diligent research, as Marquis did, and yet miss important material right under your nose. Don and I used to bump into one another from time to time. At one point I directed him to the earliest known article about Bolden (written in 1933), which I had discovered in an obscure magazine in the Tulane University library, and he in turn gave me the Civil District Court docket number of the commitment order that sent Bolden to the asylum. ("Character of disease: insanity; cause of insanity: alcohol.")

By and large, Marquis has done a tremendous job of unearthing facts about Bolden, coming up with a hitherto unknown portrait of the jazzman in his youthful heyday, his signature, and much family information. Marquis points out that there was no newspaper mention of that Labor Day parade during which Bolden's mind "snapped," but six months earlier, in March 1906, the following *did* appear in the *Daily Picayune*: "Charles Bolden, a musician, hammered his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ida Beach, in their house yesterday afternoon. It seems that Bolden had been confined to his bed since Saturday, and was violent. Yesterday he believed that his mother-in-law was drugging him, and, getting out of bed, he hit the woman on the head with a pitcher and cut her scalp. The wound was not serious . . ." Marquis reproduces this item, with the mournful caption: "The only newspaper coverage given to Bolden during his lifetime . . ." Sometimes legends *are* best left untampered with.

The main defect of the book is that Marquis is too eager to score quarrelsome debating points off the heroic account of Bolden given by Bunk Johnson in *Jazzmen*. Bunk stretched a point (perhaps) by including himself in the picture: "King Bolden and myself were the first men that began playing jazz in the city of dear old New Orleans, and his band had the whole of New Orleans Real Crazy and Running Wild behind it," Bunk wrote. It's hard to beat that, but Marquis says no, Bunk didn't really play with Bolden. Maybe not, but who really cares? Bunk essentially started the Bolden legend, and most of his information has stood up pretty well.

THE MOST impressive Bolden research was done by William Russell, early in World War II, *after* the publication of *Jazzmen*. But for some reason Russell never bothered to publish his findings. In Watts, California, Russell tracked down Bolden's sister-in-law, Dora Bass, who used to attend a Baptist Church with her twin sister; Nora Bass, Bolden's wife. New Orleans jazzmen Kid Ory and Bud Scott, then living on the West Coast, both told Russell that Bolden had been inspired to play jazz by hearing the spirituals "rocked" in church. He would come out of church "swinging."

Russell then found out that Nora Bass, Bolden's widow, was living in Iowa. He found her there in June of 1942. To this day Russell will not say what town she lived in, although she must be dead by now. The extraordinary thing was that Nora Bass actually tried to deny that she had been married to Bolden. She was by this time remarried and her new husband knew nothing about "those people" back in New Orleans. There always was some stigma attached to jazz apparently—it tended to be evil, sinful—and Nora Bass shared this attitude.

Russell brought along a copy of *Jazzmen*, and Nora peered anxiously at the pictures, relieved to find she wasn't in any of them. Finally she admitted that she had been married to Bolden. He and his family had been "funny people," she said, and she couldn't get along with them. She said that Bolden's mother had given him the best musical education possible, and that "he never made a nickel except by music." Finally Nora Bass shooed Russell away because she was afraid her husband might be coming back for lunch at any minute and she might have to explain what Russell was doing there. No one ever interviewed her again, and there is also a daughter, Bernadine Bolden, last heard of living in the Chicago area, whom no jazz researcher has

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ever located and who might still be alive. Russell noted all this information down in his meticulously kept journals of this period, but never published any of it.

I could go on for pages more about the search for Buddy Bolden, but I will close with an account given to Russell by the old Creole clarinetist, George Baquet, in December 1940. At this time Baquet was playing at Wilson's Cafe in Philadelphia, and Russell interviewed him during an intermission. Baquet, who had left New Orleans in 1914, remembered Bolden well.

"George first heard Buddy Bolden in 1905," Russell wrote down after the interview. "George remembers wandering into Odd Fellows Hall. George was standing by a post and the band was up on the stand sleeping. Bolden had his derby down over his eyes. Suddenly he started, looked up with pop eyes, then brought down his foot, which woke the others up, and started out playing alone—and here George Baquet sang the opening phrase of some piece. The crowd yelled: 'Oh, play it king!' This was the first time George had ever heard that kind of music, but it began to draw him more and more."

Later they named it jazz. □

SWELL LETTERS

The Followed Man
By Thomas Williams
Richard Marek, 352 pp., $10.95

THE BEST UNKNOWN

DONALD HALL

If I call Thomas Williams the best unknown novelist in America, it is my disingenuous attempt to gain your attention. He is hardly unknown—with seven novels, a book of stories, and one fat prize—and I am too spotty a reader of new fiction to call anyone best. If I shout, my voice rises from annoyance over the relative obscurity of an admirable writer overlooked by a public that needs him. And obscurity seems compounded by malice. When Williams won a National Book Award for his last novel, *The Hair of Harold Roux*, the *New York Times Book Review* was embarrassed; it had neglected to review the book at all. By way of atonement, a columnist sneered at Williams for being unknown: "Who he?" It is a bylaw of the Literature Industry that if a Pulitzer or NBA goes to an unpredictable writer, award and writer shall be ridiculed.

The Followed Man is Williams' best novel, strong, careful, and harrowing. It is even better than the NBA winner, because it contains less distraction from Williams' harsh vision of things. Williams seems to have grown into acceptance of his vision, and to acknowledge it for the first time. On the one hand he continues to describe a natural world of great beauty—especially rural New England, outdoors, with its associated virtues of self-reliance, durability, and fortitude. But Thomas Williams is not making novels that resemble calendar New England, for on the other hand the strongest emotions in his novels—*The Followed Man* in particular—are human pain and guilt.

The Hair of Harold Roux was painful, but in that novel the responsibility for pain spread out over several characters, as if dissolution and suffering formed the air that Williams' characters breathed. The guilty hero of *The Followed Man* is Luke Carr, the sort of protagonist who reasonably stands in for the reader. His actions are generally honorable—and everyone he touches is destroyed. When we meet him, his wife and two children have just been killed in an airplane crash. Luke appears to have been a passable husband and father, but he suffers from the foolish and ineluctable delusion that he has somehow killed them. Although he is drunk and stupid on one or two occasions, although he allows himself to be seduced where he might have been more sensible, he behaves more decently than many of us behave. But everything and everyone he touches suffers disorder, despair, dispersion.

The magazine he writes for in New York, recognizably *Esquire*, is subjected to a takeover which leaves an editor suspicious and paranoid. Trying to write an article about a construction disaster, Carr meets and likes a young widow; but she humiliates herself (by her own standards) with the photographer who accompanies Carr. In the dreadful suburbs—suburban Boston, but it could have been any place—there is a real-estate agent, his pretty wife, a night of idiotic debasement. In the country, Carr squares off with a brutish young lout; later, this character—through circumstances accidentally involving Carr—shoots his wife and child and tries to shoot himself. Here is a man who *really* kills his family, and in an unforgettable scene in a storm in a New Hampshire forest, Carr encounters this fugitive who has become his psychic double, the nightmare figure of his guilt.

> He [Carr] melted back into evergreen boughs and watched the awkward progress of the thing as it came up the brook. It was a man, because it was more upright than not as it climbed and leaned its way through the alders. It was not armed, at least not with a long gun, which was the first warning of its identity. Then it was a big man, young but broken, a man who was followed. Long before the face could make its statement the signs of the hunted were there in the bones.
>
> "Oh, no," Luke said, a soft exclamation he was unable to hear over the rushing water. It was Lester, who had to be somewhere because, after all, he was not yet dead. He had nothing left, but he was not yet dead and didn't want to be dead. Luke said no because in all the miles of hills and swamps around the mountains he had to be here to observe what was real. Lester came up the brook toward him, staggering as if whipped by each alder trunk that was only a stationary bar to his passage, but often looking back. He seemed to be trying to hear, though nothing could be heard over the white water. When he turned his head Luke saw that one side of his neck was grizzled white and pink, his ear enormous and a darker red. His black bristles of hair stood up straight, washed and shiny. His awkwardness

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said fear, exhaustion, despair, a knee locked half-bent, and whatever other disasters could beset a man. He didn't seem to know where he was going, but he looked back, knowing what he tried to escape.

Yet it is Carr himself who is the Followed Man. Shortly after his wife's death, he begins to receive anonymous letters from someone who threatens to kill him to revenge that death. The reader suspects that somehow Carr writes himself the letters. Literally he doesn't, and eventually he discovers their author—brother of a woman with whom Carr has an affair, a woman who accuses him of coldness, rejection, destructiveness: brother who is also, ambiguously, his wife's former lover. The follower or revenger is another double for Carr, and accurately enough turns his hatred inward and kills himself. It is all an unraveling, while Carr suffers from the conviction, which he recognizes as irrational, that his presence forces things to fall apart. Where can he go? What can he do? Williams' vision of city and suburb, occupying only a small portion of the book, is a vision of waste and despair; in the country, the old people whom he loves die or diminish as he watches. The ruinous countryside provides him hermitage in which to quarantine himself.

The plot I describe may seem as arbitrary as life itself, tilted entirely to the side of blackness. But that is not all that there is in this novel. Through everything, Carr maintains his decency, as we see him struggle to make square corners, solid walls, and a roof with the right pitch—invoking order and sanity by carpentering, much as Hemingway's fisherman fights madness by meticulous fishing. Carr is a hero in his resolute will to endure, even if endurance necessitates removal and solitude. The society he removes himself from is depraved—the society that follows him, even in the country. He struggles to avoid the guilt of complicity. □

Wrinkles
By Charles Simmons
Farrar, 182 pp., $8.95

A TRIUMPHANT ORIGINAL

DAVID EVANIER

I equate *Wrinkles* with other originals: *Winesburg, Ohio*, *In Our Time*, and Evan Connell Jr.'s *Mrs. Bridge*. Simmons has invented a form, a biography of a man told 44 times (each chapter three or four pages long), beginning in boyhood, moving through childhood, on to middle age and projected old age. I have never read anything like it. *Wrinkles* has far more humor and concreteness than Sherwood Anderson, more believability, vulnerability, and real sexuality than Hemingway. Yet it has things in common with both of them: crystalline prose, sharp compression, a strong tactile sense, and, most importantly, a new and probably unduplicable prose form.

Simmons wrote an earlier comic delight, *Powdered Eggs*, which was the angry young artist's book. *Wrinkles* is about what its title implies: physical aging and loss, and the growing moral ambiguity of middle age. When he was young, "Often he carried a book with him. At its most powerful the right book he felt would save him from death or see him through death without panic or despair. His favorites were small editions of Herrick, Catullus, Lucretius, and *Antony and Cleopatra*." Later: "Although he travels with personal equipment—pen, keys, wallet—nothing material has saving significance for him now. Soon he will feel that the quality of immutability, which once attracted him to certain objects, is worthless. . . . Less and less will he think of people as good or bad; rather it will seem to him that benefactors look good to the beneficiaries, injurers bad to the injured, and that the rest is taste."

Simmons has organized each chapter by a common subject, attitude, or feeling (which is not explicit, however): the old neighborhood, numbers, school, religion, the summer house, regrets, clothes, birthdays, fatherhood, love, fighting, doctors, cheating, movies, wood, firearms, animals, vehicles, homosexuality, authority, animosity, sex, career, specific friends, money, alcohol, charity, Jews, Protestants and Catholics, laughter, sleep, wrinkles, companionship, time, and death.

In his vehicles chapter, he deals chronologically with wicker baby carriages, toy autos, tricycles, roller skates, surfboards, slides and swings, sailboats, ice skates, horseback riding, and cars. There are many things I missed in my childhood: "In early winter he and his friends fitted discarded license plates onto roller skates, sat on the plates, feet tucked up, and rode down steep empty streets, steering by leaning to one side, and ditching one another like stock-car racers." In his chapter on wood, the narrator proceeds from his father's making benches, porches, awnings, walks, steps, railings, while the narrator made toy boats, to the narrator's own fatherhood: "He liked to take his daughters walking in parks and from fallen or new-cut branches make them walking sticks on which he carved designs by stripping the bank in spirals and crosses." When he is divorced and alone, "He made more tables than he had room for and gave the excess like kittens to friends. When a table came out well he sometimes sat up drinking, waiting for the varnish to dry, and wished his father were alive to see it." Among the things from my own childhood I recognized was the narrator's apartment house, with its garden at the

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entrance where "in the center, under an arched bridge was a pond. Goldfish swam there in the summer; in winter the pond was drained." Exactly like the narrator, I "wondered where the goldfish were kept in the winter."

So the chapters go, working forward in free association reined in by a discerning control. The result is a portrait that is so universal that no reader will feel he is not a part of it. The summaries could easily have left out the juice, the vital matter that essentially determines whether a novel is alive or not. Simmons has delicately sketched in the precise detail, the single line of dialogue that tells it all. In his clothing segment, he writes that, at the end of the narrator's life, "suits he will continue to buy singly, except on one occasion when he will buy two, a sporty herringbone ('The older the bird the brighter the plumage,' he will say to the salesman) and the other dark blue." The things of the earth are recorded here, along with the people, the places, in a revolving mosaic. Above all, *words* are embodied here. Their meanings are looked at as if for the first time, by the book's form. It is as if a dictionary had sprung to life.

I was around at the genesis of this book, and it may be pertinent to mention that occasion. When I was a copy boy at the *Times Book Review* in 1967-68, Simmons took me under his wing. He had finished *Powdered Eggs* and was looking for a way of saying what he wanted to say now; the attitudes of youth that prompted the first book would not do again. The feelings, the perceptions, were different.

I REMEMBER conversations about Dickens, about long books and how things could now be said in a paragraph that took hundreds of pages for the Victorian writers. A wonderful talker, Simmons was searching for a great title and a new form for a book. I remember his interest in aphorisms and in words—the meanings of words—and how, one day while we walked down 43rd Street, he talked about starting with the dictionary, taking one word at a time and exploring its meaning in one's life. I recall thinking, filled with myself, that his idea was both too grandiose and too abstract. I did not really hear what he was saying.

Wrinkles is a triumph. □

FOURTH ESTATE

The Great American Newspaper: The Rise and Fall of The Village Voice

By Kevin Michael McAuliffe

Scribner's, 486 pp., $14.95

THE LITTLE SLEEP

D. KEITH MANO

What New York publication got demonstrated against for refusing to carry gay bathhouse ads? Attacked by libbists (job discrimination), though most of the administrative staff was female? Not attacked by blacks, although—from Day One in 1955 to now—there hasn't been so much as a token mulatto on its masthead? NATIONAL REVIEW, right? Wrong. *The Village Voice.*

Suppose I told you that *VV* was a conservative rag? You'd think I'd been sniffing Elmer's Glue-All again. Of course *VV* isn't reactionary. With a pig-sticker leftist like Jack Newfield writing in his, thank God, inimitable style, how could it be? On your other hand what is/was *VV*? Not a radical sheet, not a Thirties liberal sheet: more of a contour sheet. And maybe, once upon another decade, it was in fact the Great American Newspaper.

Mind, I didn't get this crank idea from reading *VV*. I buy *VV* each Wednesday, but I never *read* it. I guess one Gimlet Eye of three has been dragged from some fatuous *VV* ad. Adopt-a-snail-darter committee; PROTEST AGAINST BLACK WHITE SLAVERY IN CHAD; Social Evening for Single Manic Depressives. Anyhow *VV* is so execrably edited and composed that it looks leftist; looks like Eugene V. Debs's underwear. And the damn print'll come off all over your thumb.

Kevin Michael McAuliffe's exercise in authoritative gossipry is a forklift for shifting your perspective. I am, yes, informed. Seems that *VV* was liberal, rash from 1955 to 1963 only in comparison with the Eisenhovian Big Sleep. It took an aloof, cautious posture toward New Left Sixties hebephrenia. (Periodicals like *The East Village Other* and *Evergreen Review*, which were pimping for flatulent activism, shot up, then shriveled in this same time; *VV* went from pulp to parchment—got rich—instead.) By 1973 or so, it became, Newfield notwithstood, almost neoconservative. Today *VV* is worse than dead: it's Australian.

In fact, with few exceptions (anti De Sapio, pro the "untired" John Lindsay) *VV* had no editorial slant at all: perfectly horizontal. *VV* was a writers' thing; and on that premise its "Great Americanness" has been based. McAuliffe's chronicle is pretty much a blown kiss to Dan Wolf, editor and co-founder. Unprofessional on purpose, patient, self-effacing, tolerant: a writer could write anything for Wolf, so long as he didn't expect to get paid. His piece might be full of etaoin shrdlu misprints, but it would never be cut. And what matter if you jumped from page 1 to page 75 to page 30 to page 6—an abominable snowman's bounding spoor—before you found the last paragraph? Wolf didn't even mind if his writers were supremely bad: but they did have to be passionate and committed. It was a remarkable writers' workshop; *VV* has to take much credit (or blame) for that monster known as New Journalism. Wolf would just about never sack anyone, not even a Jill Johnstone who did four years' worth of "lesbian logorrhea, and they never touched it, not even when [her] mother wrote the paper offering to pay them *not* to run it anymore."

Playboy was founded in 1953; *NR* and *VV* in 1955. A new reading constituency had come of subscriber age: well-to-do, mobile, elitist, somewhat intelligent. Add the modifier "liberal" for *VV*; "conservative" for *NR*; perhaps "libertarian" for *Playboy*. Truth was: these three would often interleaf on the same bedside table. *NR* is conservative by blood; but *Playboy* and *VV* always needed a leavening restraint to seduce image-self-conscious corporate advertisers. In 1955 the large majority of *VV* staffmen was southpaw politically. What did you expect? Those were the people who hung around Café Figaro and would write for nothing. At that price, Wolf—even had he been inclined—couldn't afford to impose his own centrist attitude. By 1971, though, different writers were around. Clark

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Whelton would blame Attica on Kunstler and Seale; not on Rockefeller. Jack Newfield could only chew his typewriter ribbon in an insane snit. "Dan Wolf . . . was fed up with the Revolution and what it had done to the country, and what it had done even to his own neighborhood."

Crucial word: "neighborhood." For a decade at least Greenwich Village was the most influential neighborhood in America. Wolf set up type just as Beat metamorphosed into Hip. *VV* got profitable (and conservative) when the Village got high-rise chic. McAuliffe's book is a beguiling synecdoche: a map overlay for the history of America. Yet Dan Wolf's true liberalism (opinion tolerance, I mean) was to prove baneful. When crises arrived—Felker and Murdoch—there would be no Newfield/Whelton consensus that could oppose them: instead there was inter-bitching worse than you'd find in a parish ladies' committee. And that is American history also. Now, when the dollar can't buy Baltic Avenue, we are about to become—like *VV*—a colonial investment. □

TELEVISION

THE AMERICANIZATION OF ADOLF

M. J. SOBRAN

California Reich is the latest entry in the campaign to remind us that it *can* happen here. *Marathon Man* and *The Boys from Brazil* have shown how a tiny band of octogenarians, holed up in a bungalow in the Brazilian jungle, can, without benefit of *Wehrmacht*, take over the world. Either they *are* a master race, or they know something Geritol doesn't.

Reich is a documentary that has finally reached public TV, after some controversy about propriety. It comes sandwiched between sermonettes about "disturbing realities" and "disturbing reflections" of our culture. Someone is afraid, clearly, that we will fail to get the message, namely that we Americans are . . . susceptible.

We visit a few cells of the National Socialist White People's Party (a/k/a neo-Nazis) in the Frisco area, mostly puffy middle-aged blue-collar misfits who don't look much like *my* idea of *Übermenschen*. They are preoccupied with an attempt to do some recruiting on campus at San Francisco State. Actually they aren't seducing the children: they're scaring them, by dressing up like the boogeyman, in swastikas and helmets. The radicals obligingly riot ("We've got to stop them!"), and police hustle the Nazis away. Armageddon? More like Town & Gown, California style.

AT HOME the Nazis seem "normal," all right. They are Walter Mittys incapable of the real Teutonic strut. When their children spout racial invective, they just giggle. A plump mother shows how to bake a Nazi cake, with a licorice swastika. Santa caps the Christmas party, swastika on his arm. A country-and-western group called "Otis Cochran and the Three Bigots" does a cheerful ditty called "Ship Those Niggers Back." There is a very American alloy of self-mockery. These people have about as much to do with Hitler as the Moonies have to do with Christ. The young filmmakers, off-camera, prod them with Serious Questions, though, so they talk as if they really were the magnetic core of the Republic, talk about the secret sympathy, the huge fifth column that will rally to them on the fateful day.

Yet they defer that day. When they prepare (nervously) to march their meager numbers down to the campus, their leaders extol non-violence: "The Jews and the niggers will get

theirs soon enough." The strategic Big Picture justifies these day-to-day "tactics," which are really an end in themselves: to *épater* the college kids. Their maximum honcho haggles rhetorically with college administrators about their right of free speech—is it to be denied them at a *state university*?—in the language of pluralism.

They are underdogs. They complain (about "the System"). Their triumphalism is only formalistic. Their private manners are diffident, tentative, pleading for understanding. The aforementioned honcho, one Allen Vincent, hauntingly recalls his days in a mental hospital, in reform school, at a forestry camp where "I was forced to adopt another personality that had nothing to do with my own." This is encounter-group talk. The Real Me has been stifled. That self is an individual, lost, aware of loss: mother died at 32, of cirrhosis. Immersion in a grand racial Self isn't his natural idiom. "I would classify myself as a victim," he muses. Of what? "A victim of loneliness." He and his henchmen begin sentences with "Well, to tell you the truth, . . ." No offense, friend. A father says he tries to show his son "alternatives." You get the feeling he'd say he'd found Nazism the answer for himself, not necessarily for others. His son, about ten, shyly says he joined up "just to make my dad feel good. . . . It prob'ly would hurt his feelings if I didn't. I wouldn't want to do that."

This "Nazism" is an option, not an imperative. It's as American as group therapy—which is what it is, in its way. A social club with consciousness-raising yak about how the Jews are setting the niggers on us, to produce a generation of raceless mongrels. Or, to start a race war: one guy, a gun-hoarder, thinks that is just what the (Jew) government is up to. *He* doesn't want that, of course: but it's inevitable, so he's getting ready. The free association (so to speak) with Hitler gives them the kind of pedigree Dahomey used to give Black Panthers. It's a transvaluation of values: if nobody else wants Adolf, they'll take him. It's an act of defiance, à la Hell's Angels (who don't even believe in hell). The purpose is symbolic, aimed not at friends but at enemies, like racist goyim.

But their day is coming. After the campus confrontations they congratulate

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themselves on all the free publicity: "Twenty, thirty, fifty thousand dollars' worth, nationwide CBS." They have foxed the Jews who control the networks. They're on the map. They matter. They're a certified Threat. The System accepts them as such; accepts them, period. They serve a need in the liberal psyche, which really does make them an integral part of that System. That's why they let the kids in to film them; so they could belong. Their neo-Nazism, conceived in hate, becomes a form of assimilation, one humble way of "making it," tamed by the overwhelming temptations of civility. They have shown up uninvited at the media masquerade party, wearing the most outrageous costumes of all. But they do obey the rules.

Only liberal hysteria could imagine these poor yokels ruling America. And somehow killing doesn't seem to be their thing: their talk isn't so much more lurid and bitter than, say, Susan Brownmiller's. Here is Allen Vincent's prophecy: "In our world of the future there's not gonna *be* any loneliness. Just harmonious, compatible relationships." Not exactly *Mein Kampf*. He's just your ordinary, put-upon guy, desperate, armed, barricaded inside a house, yearning for someone to coax the gun away from him. He'll surrender peacefully, in return for a shoulder to cry on. He doesn't represent a movement, just another alternative lifestyle. And he's probably more harmless than Jim Jones and a lot of others about whom nobody in Frisco thought to do a documentary until it was too late. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE DEATH OF CHRISTIAN CULTURE, *by John Senior (Arlington House, 185 pp., $10)*. The decline of Christianity in the twentieth century is all too evident, but a thoughtful study of the role cultural factors have played in its malaise would be an original and valued work. This book, however, while flashing occasional signs of quality, is generally a failure. It is distinctly schizophrenic in style. On the one hand, Mr. Senior, a distinguished professor and Catholic apologist, can write effectively, eloquently, and even movingly. On the other, he is too often guilty of the worst sort of pedantic scribbling, endlessly making literary allusions—often pointlessly, always tendentiously. Unfortunately, these faults dominate the first half of the book and will probably keep most readers from proceeding to Senior's somewhat interesting (but still meandering) essays on modernism, the American university, monasticism, and the development of Christian doctrine. The book has its moments, but they are too few and too long in coming. DAVID PIETRUSZA

THE PEACE SHIP, *by Barbara S. Kraft (Macmillan, 367 pp., illus., $14.95)*. The Lord may have an affinity for drunks and small children, but His beneficence seldom extends to the visionaries, who are the constant casualties of history. Belonging to this hapless number are Henry Ford and those pacifists who set sail for Europe on a cold December afternoon in 1915

with the noble, albeit vague, intention of peacefully reconciling the antagonists in the Great War. With childlike disregard for the depths of diplomatic intrigue and the shoals of nationalistic self-interest, this contingent of idealists (plus a handful of mountebanks) sallied forth, armed with the certainty of their vision and the auto magnate's bankroll. Henry had even promised to have the boys "out of the trenches by Christmas." That the mission was foredoomed was evident to numerous antiwar notables such as William Jennings Bryan and Jane Addams, who gingerly declined repeated invitations to join the crusade. Neither Ford's renown nor the project's daring was sufficient to secure an endorsement from a single national or international peace organization. The press was nearly unanimous in scoring the venture as a farce. Shortly after arriving in Europe, the enigmatic sponsor took ill and decided to return to the United States. Minus Ford's presence, the group soon deteriorated into varying factions, ensuring ultimate failure. The disintegration of their dream is documented with excruciating precision by Miss Kraft, whose meticulous study will fascinate the devotee of lost causes. ALAN L. MILLER

LAST REVEILLE, *by David Morrell (M. S. Evans, 252 pp., $7.95)*. On the most basic level this is an historical novel, the story of General Pershing's 1916-17 expedition into Mexico in pursuit of Pancho Villa. Morrell's research is impeccable, and dialogue and incident are taken directly from contemporary sources whenever possible. A great deal of work also went into getting the equipment, trappings, and logistics of the period just right. We know what horses Pershing's troopers rode and what their saddles looked like. We know what they wore and we know which weapons they used. And these things are not simply described to us; they are shown, usually through dialogue and action. Morrell is above all a scenic novelist, and here, as in his two previous novels, the action scenes approach the cinematic. As with all good and accurate historical novels, *Last Reveille* is instructive, a capsule account of a distinct period as seen through the eyes of a fictional character mixing with real historical figures and taking part in real events. Especially valuable is Morrell's account of the period between the Civil War and our entry into World War I, a period that has been stereotyped by Hollywood but about which most of us who ingest our history eclectically know little. How long, for instance, has it been since we've seen a movie about the Spanish-American War? Or the revolt in the Philippines? Or the landings in Veracruz and Nicaragua? It was a period of great vitality, of historic national expansion. But when they tell us how the West was won, they show us Debbie Reynolds in a covered wagon. Morrell's account is another matter: it is as factual as a careful writer can make it, an illuminated popular history of a dimly lit period. In one sense, the approach is traditional. The classic historical novel is set in a period of transition: an old way of life lies dying while the new is being born, a process embodied in the novel's central characters. But *Last Reveille* is more than a first-rate historical novel. The best historical novels are novels of manners set in the past. Manners, surfaces, what people do and how they do it interest Morrell, but not society as such. His best characters live outside social structures, adhering to a more demanding natural code. Miles Calendar —the old man who, as a civilian, rides into Mexico with General Pershing—is a mythic figure, carrying on the ceremonies and rituals of a system of values that antedates the social forms of his period. JOHN R. COYNE JR.

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

A FEW WEEKS back, this column paid its respects to the eminent Austrian economist, F. A. von Hayek. Now a flurry of recently published books provides an occasion to do the same for Hayek's mentor—arguably the most famous Austrian of them all—Ludwig von Mises.

Leading the way in the Mises renaissance is the newly created publishing firm of Sheed, Andrews, and McMeel (6700 Squibb Road, Mission, Kansas 66202), which is re-issuing important books by Mises and his epigoni and also bringing out some newer volumes defending and refining the Austrian position. SA&M has recently re-published *Liberalism: A Socioeconomic Exposition* ($4.95), previously available in English as *The Free and Prosperous Commonwealth*. This is the great professor's overview of the (classical) liberal economic/political position, presented in popularized, non-technical language, though cogently reasoned, as are all of Mises' works.

While acknowledging that the word "liberal" has undergone considerable change of meaning since the last century, Mises clearly establishes title to it for his free-market, limited-government view: *first*, because the premises of his discussion are entirely secular and scientific, and therefore very different from what we are accustomed to think of as conservative discourse on such subjects; and second, because he places such pervasive emphasis on personal freedom. In many respects, Mises' view is continuous with that of Spencer and Sumner, though of course informed with his immensely greater sophistication in the realm of economics.

The essence of Mises' argument is that only by protecting private property, permitting maximum freedom to the individual, and eliminating official barriers to trade can efficient utilization of resources and general prosperity be assured. He demonstrates the manner in which calculation of costs and benefits is accomplished through the market pricing system, and shows that the abolition of markets under socialism would make such calculation an impossibility. In addition, he argues that virtually every form of interference with the market imposes transaction costs that must diminish productivity and the efficiency of economic performance.

A subdivision of this general topic to which Mises addresses himself is the alleged middle road between free enterprise and socialism, where the means of production remain in private hands but are subject to direction by the political authorities. The fallacies of this approach are dissected at greater length in his *Critique of Interventionism*, a series of essays originally published in 1929 and recently re-issued by Arlington House (translated by Hans Sennholz; $8.95). The argument of this volume is that no *via media* is possible, that once embarked on the path of intervention an economy is fated to increasing regimentation. This is so, Mises contends, because each intervention creates problems that seem to require another intervention, and so *ad infinitum*. The examples he chooses for extended discussion—price controls, resultant shortages, and rationing—are even more pertinent today than they were a half-century ago.

THAT THE subjectivist economics of which Mises is the most noted proponent continues to play a major role in the academic and practical worlds is the message of *New Directions in Austrian Economics*, another offering from Sheed, Andrews, and McMeel ($4.95). Here a dozen followers of Mises (and Hayek) examine such topics as the spontaneous order of the market, the theory of monopoly, the question of social cost, and proper methods of defining the money supply. Several of the essays are technical in nature, but those by Israel Kirzner, D. T. Armentano, Murray Rothbard, and editor Louis M. Spadaro should prove accessible—as well as persuasive—to the general reader. ☐

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ABRAM [J.] RYAN*

A Christmas Chant

Four thousand years earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the nations sighed,
That their King so long delayed.

At last earth's hope was granted,
And God was a child of earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

*(Father Ryan was "the Poet of the Confederacy.")

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The New Face of America

On The Right

New York, Dec. 22—The very best line in the weekend commentary over President Carter's decision to disown our defense treaty with Taiwan was spoken by an unidentified "senior Defense Department official" to Reuters in answer to the question whether Communist China might now proceed by force of arms against Taiwan. "An invasion of Taiwan would be unlikely," Reuters quoted the Pentagon, "because China keeps much of its forces along its border with the Soviet Union and because China knows that an invasion would seriously hurt relations with the United States."

Seriously hurt relations with the United States! It is difficult for Americans of middle age to remember when last it seriously hurt anybody to hurt the United States. How does the United States express its displeasure, when seriously hurt? Far less strikingly than it deals with those who do *not* incur our displeasure. A litany, reserved for liturgical occasions, is not out of order in meditating on the decision of Mr. Carter which, by the testimony of the *New York Times*, left the President "ebullient." No doubt Ribbentrop was ebullient after concluding the pact with Molotov in 1939, but let us confine ourselves to the sparest condensation of what has happened.

1. President Carter, premier champion of human rights for all the world, announced that he would respect Peking's claims over Taiwan's concerning an internal dispute which is not the official business of the United States.

2. The United States now officially recognizes, and under the circumstances appears to the world as having endorsed, the government of a country which presides over the most finished totalitarian society in history and which has as a client state the government of Pol Pot in Cambodia, whose achievement is to make Adolf Hitler appear to be a dilettante sadist.

3. In 1972 at Shanghai, the government of Mao Tse-tung laid down three conditions for full diplomatic exchange between the U.S. and the People's Republic of China. We laid down the single condition that the PRC commit itself not to attempt to reincorporate Taiwan by force of arms. The successor-government to Mao's—the great liberal successor-government—held fast to its three conditions. We capitulated on all three, and abandoned our own single condition.

4. We acted under no compulsion whatsoever. Mr. Carter's pronouncement that his decision opens up "a new vista of trade relations with almost one billion people of China" qualifies for commemoration only in the Guinness Book of Cant.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, trade with China was going on at exactly the rate at which it made any sense whatever, and was uninhibited by existing diplomatic arrangements. In the second place, there is a severe limit to what the one billion Chinese, barely able to keep body and soul together thanks to the doctrinaire legacy of Communism, can give us. Presumably Mr. Carter is not proposing to import coolies. There are serfs enough left over after our handling of Indochina.

5. Once, twice, ten times, one hundred times, the United States, through its Presidents and its diplomats, reassured Taiwan that we would not forsake it. We are now reduced to what one might call the Reuters Guarantee, i.e.: what an unnamed senior defense official in the Pentagon told an unnamed reporter from Reuters, to wit that relations with the United States would be "seriously hurt" if the Communists on the Mainland launched a military operation against Taiwan. What would we do? Withdraw our ping-pong players?

6. Our capitulation—unprovoked: bear that in mind; we were not under pressure, and *we gained nothing*—will indeed change the balance of geopolitical relations around the world; yes indeed. Henry Kissinger told a friend over the telephone in November 1968 when he got wind that Clark Clifford was preparing to ditch the South Vietnamese government before Nixon's inauguration: "If he does that, the word will go out to the peoples of the world: It may be risky to be an enemy of the United States, but to be its friend is fatal." Carter has made the demonstration, and every friend in the world who has seen us as a friend will look away now at the ebullient grin of American hypocrisy and see what arrangements can be made with the reliable, steadfast nations in the world that keep their word unflinchingly: Communist China, the Soviet Union, North Vietnam, Cuba. □

THE CHINESE PLUM TREE

New York, Dec. 24—It is relevant, in the euphoria in some business circles after the démarche by President Carter, to pause a little bit to consider the Chinese economic question. Most middle-aged Americans grew up on some variant of the proposition that if every Chinese earned ten cents per hour per day more than his current wages, unemployment in the United States would end. It is a metaphorical extension of that point that led Mr. Carter, on announcing his break with Taiwan, to hint that great mountain ranges of plum puddings lay ahead of us in virtue of his step toward what he calls normalization. This analysis isn't based on any ethical question. We will not today dwell on the interesting schizophrenia of the many Americans anxious to stop trading with the South Africans while anxious to increase trade with the Mainland Chinese. Nor is it here the point to explore whether, in fact, there is anything at *all* in the new arrangements that makes possible economic exchanges that were not possible under the old relations. The purpose here is modest, namely to explore the question of the economic prosperity of Mainland China after thirty years of Maoism.

We are all beholden to Professor Donald Zagoria of Hunter College, whose deeply learned and ingenious essay in economic archaeology appeared in a 1975 issue of *Dissent* magazine. Mr. Zagoria tells us things which are interesting at two levels. On one, he enlightens those who believe that there are, somehow, great reserves of consumer purchasing power in China waiting to buy American goods. At another level, he answers those who have hailed

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the economic accomplishments of Mao Tse-tung. The latter point is interesting for ideological reasons (we need to know whether, in fact, Communist doctrine translates into effective economic reform), and for empirical reasons (we need to know whether there are reasonable prospects to suppose that under Communist-socialism economic prospects are bright).

"According to the latest World Bank figures," Mr. Z. writes, "the per capita growth rate for China [2.9 per cent for the period 1952-1971] is less than the average growth rate in Central and South America from 1960 to 1970 which was 4.3 per cent per year, and it is less than the average growth rate in the same period for all Asian and Middle Eastern countries excluding Japan, i.e., 4.2 per cent."

Professor Zagoria is prepared for the usual objections. He meets them head on. "It may be objected that the comparisons made here between Chinese growth rates and the growth rates of other developing countries are misleading because of China's unusually large population, which compounds problems of development. Yet a comparison between the growth rates of China and India, two countries of comparable size, is not dramatically favorable to China. Several detailed comparisons of Chinese and Indian rates of growth all conclude that, over the past twenty years, the two have been similar. . . . There is general agreement among economists that India did better than China in agricultural growth, that China did somewhat better in industry."

The myth that Mao ended hunger in China is gruesomely dispelled. "During the Fifties, according to all Western estimates, Chinese grain production was generally well below 180 million metric tons, except for 1957 and 1958; it did not rise consistently above 180 million tons until 1963. . . . The average for the period 1963-1972 [was] 3.1 per cent per year."

Those enthusiasts for Chinese economics who now change the subject and talk instead of the paradigmatic accomplishments of the Communists in equality once again come up with the statistics. "One sample survey in 1965," writes Professor Zagoria, "found that average income per peasant in the richest commune studied was 3.4 times that of a peasant in the poorest one. Another study showed per capita peasant income in Kiangsu Province to be 74 per cent higher than a comparable figure for Szechuan."

All of which is yet another tiresome indictment of the proposition that Communist economics can do anything to help the people, or that the surrealist Communist vision (from each according to his ability, to each according to his need) happens anywhere on earth. The figures point simply to this: the Communists in China are among the poorest people in the whole wide world, and all those beautiful gates opening up to American enterprise are likely to produce about the same avalanche of economic benefits as we have had from trading over the past 25 years with India, that proud country where, half a dozen years ago, we settled the problem of selling grain by the simple expedient of forgiving them a debt of about $10 billion. President Carter will get around to that in his second term of office, the alternative being that he might be hired as an economic consultant by China to increase the productivity of their peanut vines, a change in station and responsibilities that should receive bipartisan support. □

NORMALCY BY CARTER, PAT. PEND.

New York, Dec. 27—As the news rolls in, it becomes clear that what we are engaged in is the very opposite of normalization. As the word is commonly used, "normal" relations between two countries presuppose a single authority representing each country. Consider what is in prospect:

1. Taiwan, which is governed by its own legislature, executive, and courts, will continue to pay no attention whatever to orders issued from Peking, the capital of the People's Republic of China. The United States, while failing to recognize the legitimacy of Taiwan's government, will apparently give no evidence of its non-recognition, other than the withdrawal of our ambassador. We will trade with Taiwan and, in doing so, will respect Taiwan's laws, not China's, in all matters, ranging from tariffs, customs forms, and export licenses to minimum wages, etc.

2. We are, moreover, advised that in no way will we interfere with existing cultural programs with Taiwan. Just how the State Department will communicate with Taiwan, in the absence of a diplomatic staff in Taipei, is not clear. The only thing that is absolutely clear is that the two parties will not communicate via Peking. Perhaps via the good old Swiss?

3. Oh yes. There is that marvelous clarification of the defense treaty. It is to expire in one year. Now, the question whether the President of the United States has the undisputed authority unilaterally to abrogate a defense treaty passed by two-thirds of the Senate is by no means clearly established. So Senator Goldwater has announced that he is taking the matter to the Supreme Court. The State Department's answer is that everybody over there is very happy this is going to happen, because it will "clear the air." In other words, the State Department itself, although behaving with the docility expected of an Executive department, isn't all that certain, in the absence of relevant precedents, of the President's authority.

WE ALMOST forgot! There is the wonderful matter of our sending arms to Taiwan to be used for defensive purposes. What happened is that—to save face—our negotiators said we wished to continue to do this. The Communist Chinese said no, we must not do this—it's like sending arms to Hawaii for use against the United States. It was agreed that the perfect posture had been struck by both parties: the U.S. says, Yes we will, the Chinese say, No you shouldn't—and we can agree to disagree, leaving us at liberty to sell arms to Taiwan, to be used by Taiwan to defend itself against the government we have taken the position is the sole legitimate government of Taiwan. That's what goes by the name of normalcy in the Carter Administration.

4. And what about passports? Well, the State Department announces that that is a question "under study." One thing you have to have in this world to gad about is a passport. Taiwanese will carry a Taiwan passport which will be labeled "Republic of China." Having committed ourselves to continue to pursue cultural ties with Taiwan, we are left with no other choice than to recognize the bearers of these passports as legally entitled to travel. So we will be stamping and honoring passports issued in defiance of Peking, whose sovereignty we recognize.

In the bad old days before Jimmy Carter brought order to our relations with the two countries, we had a diplomatic representative in Peking who was called a chargé d'affaires. And we had an ambassador in Taiwan. Taiwan claimed to represent Mainland China, but we ignored that surrealism. Mainland China claimed to represent Taiwan, but we ignored that surrealism. Indeed, we abided by an agreement to defend Taiwan against aggression, even as we have mutual defense treaties with other countries. And they called *that* abnormal. Let us pray that the Carter Administration will not normalize our relations with NATO, Canada, the Vatican, the Supreme Court, or the "Star Spangled Banner." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A canine with an acute sense of smell — 17 27 82 112 55 59 132 180 72 79

B. What many caps on bottles of pills are — 51 68 183 101 110 32 134 138 160 168 12

C. Do families who live in these dwellings quarrel? — 83 58 165 98 67 207 186 200 140

D. Love me little, love me long; a dog and a half long and a half a dog high — 129 162 4 175 187 205 18 102 147

E. A type of bird dog — 137 22 42 70 170 108 114 126 146 152 157 164 192

F. A mental healing movement — 190 7 61 144 109 50 197 45 202 33

G. The description sounds deprecatory, but it will break up a ball game — 212 92 60 210 80 173 56 145 63 97

H. A Jewish teacher who flourished both before and after Christ's birth — 5 71 85 124 176 161 172

I. A Norwegian violinist (not related to a certain Indian) — 13 26 35 9 16 46 62

J. To unfasten — 133 119 34 142 148 214

K. Andersen, Thorvaldsen, Bohr, Borge, Melchior, Brahe (modesty keeps me from adding to the list) — 149 38 211 76 52 209 213 87 99 30

L. What pedestrians are faced with when they buy new shoes — 158 40 222 115

M. This doesn't last long when you burn the candle at both ends — 171 154 86 130 196 120

N. What trees are in the summertime — 184 169 121 8 131

O. A Confederate general — 3 24 47 66 78

P. Alcoholics Anonymous would not want this animal for a mascot — 199 10 31 41 49 123 159 139 216 220 19 43

Q. A Scottish dog named for one of the Hebrides — 204 39 81 96 143 151 198 29 54 73 104

R. Contests that can be staged in the air or on the ground — 23 135 181 48 94 150 166 91 75

S. A bone-forming cell — 44 74 57 103 106 20 77 37 53 64

T. A family of glabrous herbs with utricular fruit — 89 179 188 221 25 14 206 218 1

U. WE HIT OFF — 100 136 194 201 178 88 219 125

V. Lacking apparent gravitational pull — 118 28 6 105 2 174 208 215 65 15

W. What some royal and noble uncles married — 11 167 185 195 107 127

X. An American explorer (1880-1951) — 69 95 155 111 189 203 116 177 90

Y. One of the wells dug by Isaac (for water, not oil, gas, or ink) — 113 191 182 117 36 193 217 93

Z. A short-legged, long-headed, strong-jawed, heavy-boned terrier — 153 128 84 156 122 141 21 163

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 113 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 T	2 V	3 O		4 D	5 H	6 V	7 F	8 N		9 I	10 P	11 W	12 B		13 I	14 T	
15 V	16 I	17 A	18 D	19 P	20 S	21 Z	22 E		23 R	24 O	25 T	26 I	27 A	28 V	29 Q	30 K		31 P	32 B
	33 F	34 J	35 I		36 Y	37 S	38 K	39 Q	40 L	41 P	42 E		43 P	44 S	45 F		46 I	47 O	48 R
49 P		50 F	51 B	52 K	53 S	54 Q	55 A	56 G		57 S	58 C		59 A	60 G	61 F	62 I		63 G	64 S
65 V		66 O	67 C	68 B	69 X	70 E	71 H	72 A	73 Q	74 S	75 R		76 K	77 S	78 O		79 A	80 G	81 Q
	82 A	83 C		84 Z	85 H	86 M		87 K	88 U	89 T	90 X	91 R		92 G	93 Y	94 R	95 X	96 Q	
97 G	98 C	99 K		100U	101B	102D	103S	104Q		105V	106S	107W	108E		109F	110B	111X		112A
113Y		114E	115L	116X		117Y	118V	119J		120M	121N	122Z		123P	124H	125U	126E	127W	128Z
129D	130M	131N		132A	133J	134B		135R	136U		137E	138B	139P	140C	141Z	142J	143Q		144F
145G	146E		147D	148J	149K		150R	151Q	152E	153Z		154M	155X	156Z		157E	158L	159P	
160B	161H	162D	163Z	164E		165C	166R	167W	168B	169N		170E	171M		172H	173G		174V	175D
176H		177X	178U	179T	180A	181R	182Y	183B	184N	185W	186C	187D		188T	189X	190F	191Y	192E	
193Y	194U		195W	196M	197F	198Q	199P	200C		201U	202F	203X		204Q	205D	206T	207C	208V	209K
	210G	211K		212G	213K	214J	215V	216P		217Y	218T		219U	220P	221T	222L			

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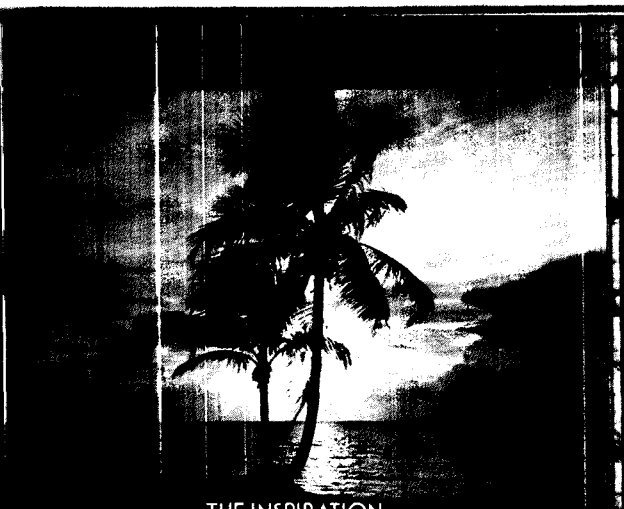

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